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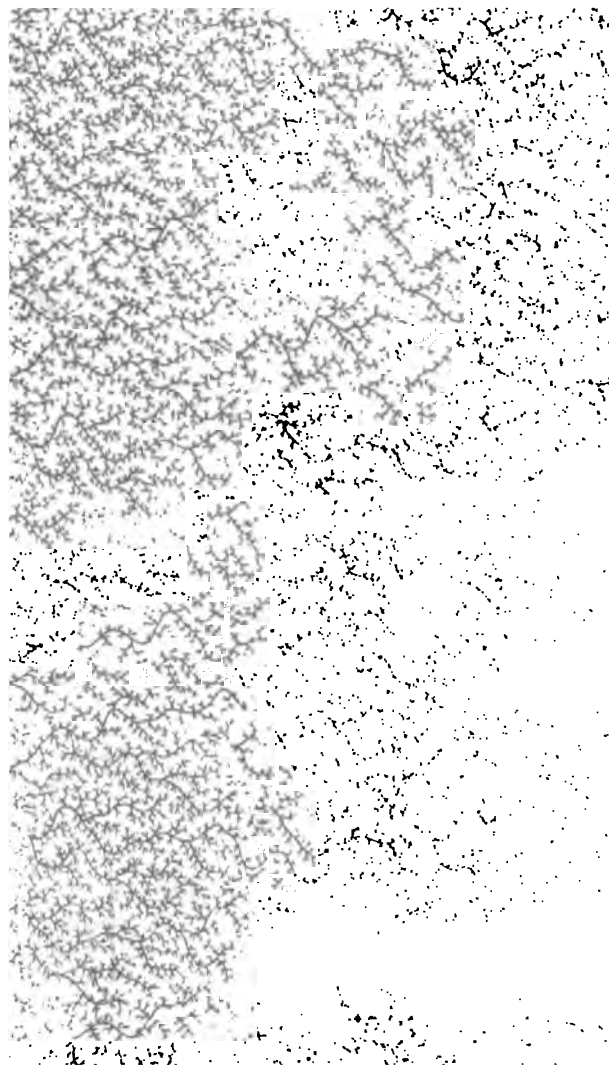


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1

P O E M S

F O R

Y O U N G L A D I E S.

I N T H R E E P A R T S.

Devotional, Moral, *and* Entertaining.

The Whole being

A COLLECTION of the BEST PIECES
in our Language.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH,

Author of the TRAVELLER, a POEM:

External Graces all decay;
Their Power is quickly past:
A well-form'd Mind extends their Sway,
And bids each Beauty last.

ANONYM.

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for WILLIAM DAVENHILL.
(Numb. 8.) in Cornhill, 1770.



NOT FOR
CUBA
VARELL

P E F A C E.

DOCTOR FORDYCE'S excellent Sermons for young women in some measure gave rise to the following compilation. In that work, where he so judiciously points out all the defects of female conduct to remedy them, and all the proper studies which they should pursue, with a view to improvement, Poetry is one to which he particularly would attach them. He only objects to the danger of pursuing this charming study through all the immoralities and false pictures of happiness with which it abounds, and thus becoming the martyr of innocent curiosity.

In the following compilation care has been taken to select, not only such pieces as innocence may read without a blush, but such as will even tend to strengthen that innocence. In this little work a lady may find the most exquisite pleasure, while she is at the same time learning the duties of life; and, while she courts only entertainment, be deceived into wisdom. Indeed, this would be too great a boast in the preface to any

original work ; but here it can be made a matter of safety, as every poem in the following collection would singly have procured an author a good reputation.

They are divided into *Devotional*, *Moral*, *Entertaining*, thus comprehending the three duties of life ; that which we owe to God, to our neighbour, and to ourselves.

In the first part, it must be confessed that English poets have not very much excell'd in that department, namely, the praise of God, the author, by which poetry began, and from which it has deviated by time, we are most faultily directed. There are one or two, however, particularly *Deity*, by Mr. Boyle ; a poem, when it first came out, that lay for some time neglected, but was introduced to public notice by Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Fielding. In it the reader will find many striking pictures, and perhaps glow with the part of that gratitude which seems to have inspired the writer.

In the moral part I am more copious than in the same reason, because our language contains a large number of the kind. Voltaire,

P R E F A C E. v

poets gives them the preference in moral to that of any other nation; and indeed its has better settled the bounds of duty, more precisely determined the rules for common life than ours. In this department the reader will find the muse has been solicitous of her, not with the allurements of a sycophant, but the integrity of a friend.

The entertaining part my greatest difficulty was what to reject. The materials lay in such abundance, that I was bewildered in my choice; in case then I was solely determined by the necessity of the poem; and where I found one, however well executed, that seemed in the least likely to distort the judgment, or inflame the passion, it was excluded without mercy. I was here and there indeed, when one of partial beauty offered with a few blemishes, lopt off its defects, and thus, like the tyrant, who admits all strangers to the bed he had prepared for himself, I have inserted some, by first adapting them to my plan; we only differ in this, that he murders with a bad design, I from motives of a contrary nature.

It will be easier to condemn a compilation of this kind, than to prove its inutility. young ladies are readers, and while their mothers are solicitous that they shall only read the best books, there can be no danger of a volume of this kind's being disagreeable. It offers, in a small compass, the very flower of our poetry, in a kind adapted to the sex supposed its readers. Poetry is an art, which no lady can, or ought to be wholly ignorant. The pleasure which it gives, and indeed the necessity of knowing enough of it to mix in modern conversation, will evince the usefulness of the design; which is to supply the highest and most innocent entertainment at the small price; as the poems in this collection, singly, would amount to ten times the price what I am able to afford the present.

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P O E M

P O E M S
FOR
YOUNG LADIES.



P A R T I.
D E V O T I O N A L.



D E I T Y.

*This Poem was originally published without any success :
it lay dormant for some time, till it was taken notice of
by FIELDING and HARVEY : since that, it has been
esteemed as it merits.—The most striking passages are
here selected.*

OMNIPRESENCE.

THRO' the unmeasurable tracts of space,
Go Muse divine ! and present Godhead trace !
Should'st thou above the heav'n of heav'ns ascend,
Could'st thou below the depth of depths descend ;
Could thy fond sight beyond the starry sphere,
The radiant morning's lucid pinions bear !

11

B

There

'There should his brighter presence shine consoled
 'There his almighty arm thy course arrest !
 Could'st thou the thickest veil of night assume,
 Or think to hide thee in the central gloom !
 Yet there, all patient to his piercing sight,
 Darkness itself would kindle into light :
 Not the black mansions of the silent grave,
 Nor darker hell from his perception save ;
 What pow'r, alas ! thy footsteps can convey
 Beyond the reach of omnipresent day ?
 In his wide grasp, and comprehensive eye,
 Immediate, worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie :
 Systems inclos'd in his Idea roll,
 Whose all-informing mind directs the whole :
 Lodg'd in his view, their certain ways they know
 Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing go
 On earth his footstool fix'd, in heav'n his seat,
 Enthron'd he dictates—and his word is fate.
 Nor want his shining images below,
 In streams that murmur or in winds that blow,
 His spirit broods : as boundless flood ;
 Smiles in the plain, whispers in the wood ;
 Warms in the gentle enliv'ning ray,
 Breathes in the air, hastens the day !
 Steals : ~~refers~~ we go,
 And : below.

Y O U N G L A D I E S

Should man his great immensity deny,
 Man might as well usurp the vacant sky :
 For were he limited in date, or view,
 Thence were his attributes imperfect too ;
 His knowledge, pow'r, his goodness all confin'd,
 And lost the notion of a ruling Mind !
 Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense,
 Of a defective partial Providence !
 Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,
 Or innocence in vain his mercy crave ;
 Dejected virtue lift its hopeless eye !
 And deep distress pour out the heartless sigh !
 An absent God no abler to defend,
 Protect, or punish, than an absent friend ;
 Distant alike our wants or griefs to know,
 To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow !
 He, supreme director, were not near,
 Pain were our hope, and empty were our fear ;
 Punish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
 And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail !
 The moral world a second chaos turn,
 And nature for her great Supporter mourn !
 Ere the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
 Ere his high pow'r its slender texture takes ;
 Ere in his book the various parts inroll'd,
 Ere hissing, own eternal Wisdom's mold.

Nor views he only the material whole,
 But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul !
 Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
 Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart !
 His steady eye the mental birth perceives,
 Ere yet to us the new idea lives !
 Knows what we say—ere yet the words proceed,
 And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed !
 But Conscience, fair vicegerent-light within,
 Asserts its author, and restores the scene !
 Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
 " And vindicates the ways of God to man."
 Then sacred Muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,
 From heav'n descended, as by heav'n inspir'd ;
 His all-enlight'ning Omnipresence own,
 Whence first thou feel'st thy dwindling presence know
 His wide Omniscience, justly grateful sing,
 Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing !
 And bless th' eternal—all-informing soul,
 Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the whole

I M M U T A B I L I T Y .

As the Eternal and Omniscient Mind,
 By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd ;
 Is always independent, always free,
Hence shines confess'd Immutability !

Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,
 Or birth of force,—is imperfection still.
 But he, all-perfect, in himself contains
 Pow'r self-deriv'd, for from himself he reigns !
 If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose,
 That God his fix'd stability should lose ;
 How startles reason at a thought so strange !
 What pow'r can force Omnipotence to change ?
 If from his own divine productive thought,
 Were the yet-stranger alteration wrought ;
 Could excellence supreme, new rays acquire ?
 Or strong perfection raise its glories higher !
 Absurd !—his high meridian brightness glows,
 Never decreases, never overflows !
 Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
 The sacred blaze of inexhaustible day !
 Below, thro' different forms does matter range,
 And life subsists from elemental change,
 Liquids condensing shapes terrestrial wear,
 Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air ;
 While we, enquiring phantoms of a day,
 Inconstant as the shadows we survey !
 With them, along Time's rapid current pass,
 And haste to mingle with the parent mass ;
 But Thou, Eternal Lord of life divine !
 In youth immortal shalt for ever shine !

No change shall darken thy exalted name,
From everlasting ages still the same !
If God, like man, his purpose could renew,
His laws could vary, or his plans undo ;
Desponding Faith would droop its cheerless wing,
Religion deaden to a lifeless thing !
Where could we, rational, repose our trust,
But in a Pow'r immutable as just ?
How judge of revelation's force divine,
If truth unerring gave not the design ;
Where, as in nature's fair according plan,
All smiles benevolent and good to man.
Plac'd in this narrow clouded spot below,
Darkly we see around, and darkly know !
Religion lends the salutary beam,
That guides our reason thro' the dubious gleam ;
Till sounds the hour !—when he who rules the skies
Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise !
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And show his creatures——*all his ways are right !*
Then when astonish'd nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd Time shall know its latest date !
When earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,
Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire !
universal system shrink away,
ceasing orbs confess th' Almighty sway !

Immortal He, amidst the wreck secure,
 Shall sit exalted, permanently pure !
 As in the Sacred Bush, shall shine the same,
 And from the ruin raise a fairer frame !

O M N I P O T E N C E.

Far hence ye visionary charming maids,
 Ye fancy'd nymphs that haunt the Grecian shades !
 Your birth, who from conceiving fiction drew,
 Yourself producing phantoms as untrue ;
 But come, superior Muse ! divinely bright,
 Daughter of heav'n, whose offspring still are light ;
 Oh condescend, celestial sacred guest !
 To purge my sight, and consecrate my breast :
 While I presume Omipotence to trace,
 And sing that Pow'r, who peopl'd boundless space !
 Thou present wert, when forth th' Almighty rode
 While Chaos trembled at the voice of God !
 Thou saw'st, when o'er th' immense his line he drew,
 When Nothing from his Word existence knew !
 His Word, that wak'd to life the vast profound,
 While conscious light was kindl'd at the sound !
 Creation fair ! surpriz'd th' angelic eyes,
 And sov'reign Wisdom saw that all was wise !
 Him, sole almighty Nature's book displays,
 Distinct the page, and legible the rays !

Let the wild sceptic his attention throw,
To the broad horizon, or earth below ;
He finds thy soft impression touch his breast,
He feels the God,—and owns him unconfess'd !
Should the stray-pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,
In Libya's waste behold a palace rise,
Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought ?
Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought !
What hand, almighty architect ! but thine
Could give the model of this vast design ?
What hand but thine adjust th' amazing whole ?
And bid consenting systems beauteous roll !
What hand but thine supply the solar light ?
For ever wassing, yet for ever bright !
What hand but thine the starry train array,
Or give the moon to shed her borrow'd ray ?
What hand but thine the azure convex spread ?
What hand but thine trace out the ocean's bed ?
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,
And with that feeble curb restrain the foe !
What hand but thine the wintry flood assuage,
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage !
'Thee infinite ! what finite can explore ?
Imagination sinks beneath thy pow'r ;
'Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,
It were thy unity, for he were thou !

Yet present to all sense thy pow'r remains,
Reveal'd in nature, nature's author reigns!
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou every where art present to the eye!
The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,
That fails this universal truth to find?

Go!—all the fightless realms of space survey,
Returning trace the *planetary way*!
The sun, that in his central glory shines,
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines;
Then at our intermediate globe repose,
And view yon lunar Satellite that glows!
Or cast along the azure vault thy eye;
When golden day enlightens all the sky;
Around behold earth's variegated scene,
The mingling prospects, and the flow'ry green;
The mountain's brow, the long extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood!
And say are these the wild effects of chance?
Oh strange effect of reas'ning ignorance!
Nor pow'r alone confess'd in grandeur lies,
The glittering planet, or the painted skies!
Equal the elephant's or emmet's dress
The wisdom of Omnipotence confess;
Equal the cumb'rous whale's enormous mass
With the small insect in the crouded grass;

The

The mite that gambols in its acid sea,
In shape a porpus, tho' a speck to thee !
Ev'n the blue down the purple plumb surrounds,
A living world, thy sailing fight confounds !
To him a peopled habitation shows,
Where millions taste the bounty God bestows !
Great Lord of life, whose all-controlling might
Thro' wide creation beams divinely bright,
Nor only does thy pow'r in forming shine,
But to annihilate, dread King ! is thine.
Shouldst thou withdraw thy still-supporting hand,
How languid Nature would astonish'd stand !
Thy frown night's antient empire would restore,
And raise a blank——where systems smil'd before !
See in corruption, all-surprizing state,
How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate,
Shock'd at the scene, tho' sense averts its eye,
Nor stops the wond'rous process to descry ;
Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,
And with delight almighty wisdom views !
'The brute, the vegetable world surveys,
Sees life subsisting ev'n from life's decays !
Mark there, self-taught, the pensive reptile come,
Spin his thin shroud, and living build his tomb !
With conscious care his former pleasures leave,
And dress him for the business of the grave !

Thence

Thence pass'd the short-liv'd change, renew'd he springs,
Admires the skies, and tries his painted wings !
With airy flight the insect roves abroad,
And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod !
Thee, potent, let deliver'd Israel praise,
And to thy Name their grateful homage raise !
Thee potent God ! let Egypt's land declare,
Which felt thy justice, awfully severe !
How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land ?
Nature revers'd, how own thy high command ?
When jarring elements their use forgot,
And the sun felt thy overcasting blot !
When earth produc'd the pestilential brood,
And the soul stream was crimson'd into blood !
How deep the horrors of that awful night !
How strong the terror, and how wild the fright !
When o'er the land thy sword vindictive past,
And men and infants breath'd at once their last !
How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey !
Thy light conducting, point th' amazing way !
Obedient ocean to their march divide,
The wat'ry wall distinct on either side ;
While thro' the deep the long procession led,
And saw the wonders of the oozy bed !
Nor long they march'd, till black'ning in the rear,
The vengeful tyrant and his host appear ;

Plunge down the deep,—the waves thy nod obey,
And whelm the threat'ning storm beneath the sea !
Nor yet thy pow'r thy chosen train forlook,
When thro' Arabia's sands their way they took ;
By day thy *cloud* was present to the sight,
Thy fiery *pillar* led the march by night ;
Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
With feather'd viands, and with Heav'nly bread :
When the dry wilderness no streams supply'd,
Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide !
What limits can Omnipotence confine !
What obstacles restrain thy arm divine !
Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow ?
On Sinai's top the Muse, with ardent wing,
The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing,
When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
Involv'd the nations in its awful shade !
When gloomy darkness fill'd its midmost space,
And the rock trembled to its rooted base ;
Yet there thy majesty divine appear'd,
There shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard ;
Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,
Idolatry its impious rites could pay !
Oh shame to thought !—Thy sacred throne invade,
And brave the belt that linger'd round its head !

W I S D O M.

O Thou, who when th' almighty form'd this all,
Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each ballanc'd ball ;
And as his hand compleated each design,
Number'd the work, and fix'd the scal divine ;
O Wisdom infinite ! creation's soul,
Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole ;
What tongue shall make thy charms celestial known !
What hand, fair Goddess ! paint thee but thy own !
What tho' in nature's universal store,
Appear the wonders of almighty pow'r !
Pow'r unattended, terror would inspire,
Aw'd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
But when fair Wisdom joins in the design,
The beauty of the whole result's divine !
See, how associate round their central sun,
Their faithful rings the circling planets run ;
Still equi-distant, never yet too near,
Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,
While from the sun her monthly light renews ;
Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
View how in course the constant seasons rise,
Deform the earth, or beautify the skies :

First Spring advancing, with her flow'ry train,
Next Summer's hand that spreads the sylvan scene
Then Autumn with her yellow harvests crown'd,
And trembling Winter close the annual round.
The vegetable tribes observant trace,
From the tall cedar to the creeping grass :
The chain of animated beings scale,
From the small reptile to th' enormous whale ;
From the strong eagle stooping from the skies,
To the low insect that escapes thy eyes !
And see, if see thou can'st, in ev'ry frame,
Eternal Wisdom shine confess'd the same :
As proper organs to the least assign'd,
As proper means to propagate their kind ;
As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
As in this lord of all—debating man !
Hence, reas'ning creature, thy distinction find,
Nor longer to the ways of heav'n be blind.
Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,
But outward beauty points a charm behind.
What gives the earth, the ambient air or seas,
The plain, the river, or the wood to please ?
Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,
The Beautifier, or the beautify'd ?
There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,
Beyond the ken of all created eyes !

His works our love, and our attention steal,
His works (surprising thought!) the maker veil;
Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud,
Where Wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd!
O gracious God! omnipotent and wise,
Unerring Lord, and ruler of the skies;
All condescending to my feeble heart,
One beam of thy celestial light impart;
I seek not sordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r,
O grant me Wisdom—and I ask no more!

P R O V I D E N C E.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,
With towns replete, with green inclosures bound,
Where the eye, kept within the verdant maze,
But gets a transient vista as it strays!
The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
Whence opens all the scene as he ascends:
So Providence the friendly point supplies,
Where all the charms of Deity surprize;
Here Goodness, Power and Wisdom all unite,
And dazzling Glories overwhelm the ravish'd sight!
Almighty Cause! 'tis thy preserving care,
That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair!
The sun from thy superior radiance bright,
Eternal sheds his delegated light,

Lenda

Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
And paints the silver moon's alternate ray ;
Thy hand the waste of eating time renews,
Thou shed'st the tepid morning's balmy dews ;
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm ;
Bids at thy will the slack'ning tempest cease,
While the calm'd ocean smooths its ruffled face ;
When light'nings thro' the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke,
Thy word the fatal edict can revoke ;
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
And towns are bury'd in one common grave ;
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail,
Thy sov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rocks thou send'st the chearful gleam,
O'er Libya's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream ;
Thy watchful Providence o'er all intends,
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.
And all the ills we feel—or bliss we share,
Are tokens of a heav'nly Father's care.
When man too long the paths of vice pursu'd,
Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood ;
Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine !

One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea ;
Thou bad'st the deep his antient bed explore,
The clouds their watry deluge pour'd no more !
The skies were clear'd,—the mountain tops were seen,
The dove pacific brought the olive-green.
On Ararat the happy Patriarch tost,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost ;
There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
The earth all verdant, and the air serene !
Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
While Noah grateful adoration paid !
Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow,
The promise of a safer world below.
When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And rising Babel heav'n with pride survey'd ;
Thy word the mighty labour cou'd confound,
And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.
From the mad toil, while social order sprung
A peopled world—distinct by many a tongue.
From Thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires, and the fall of kings !
See the vast theatre of time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread !
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph ! and what monarchs bleed !

Perform the parts thy Providence assign'd,
 Their pride, their passions to thy ends inclin'd :
 A while they glitter in the face of day,
 Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away ;
 No traces left of all the busy scene,
 But that remembrance says,—The things have been
 While learning thro' the gloom benighted strays,
 And the dim objects vanish as we gaze !
 “ But (questions doubt) whence sickly nature feels
 “ The ague-fits her face so oft reveals ?
 “ Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish
 breast ?
 “ Whence tempests rage ? or yellow plagues infect ?
 “ Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd stores ?
 “ Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pours ?”
 Go, sceptic mole ! demand th' eternal cause,
 The secret of his all-preserving laws ?
 The depths of Wisdom infinite explore,
 And ask thy Maker ?—why thou know'st no more !
 Thy error still in mortal things as great,
 As vain to cavil at the ways of fate.
 'To ask why prosp'rous vice so oft succeeds,
 Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds !
 Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,
 By crimes grow pow'rful, and disgrace a throne !

Why 'saints and sages, mark'd in ev'ry age,
 Perish, the victims of tyrannic rage !
 Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
 While Nero reign'd the delegate of hell !
 In vain by reason is the maze pursu'd,
 Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good.
 Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim
 To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame ;
 As we direct to God what should belong,
 Or say that sov'reign Wisdom governs wrong.
 Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
 Nor virtue unrewarded pass below !
 Oft sacred justice lifts her awful head,
 And dooms the tyrant and th' usurper dead ;
 Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,
 Arrests the hero in his wild career ;
 Directs the fever, poinard or the ball,
 By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall :
 Or when the cursed Borgias * brew the cup
 For merit,—bids the monsters drink it up ;
 On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
 Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare :
 Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,
 And lays the proud oppressor in the dust !

* Pope Alexander VI. and his son, Cæsar Borgia. See
 Mr. Gordon's history.

But fast as Time's swift pinions can convey,
 Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,
 When to the view of all created eyes,
 God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,
 When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
 The dead, reviving at the piercing sound !
 Where men and angels shall to audit come,
 And millions yet unborn receive their doom !
 Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,
 Appear divinely bright without a shade ;
 In light triumphant all her acts be shown,
 And blushing doubt, eternal Wisdom own !
 Mean while, thou great intelligence supreme,
 Sov'reign director of this mighty frame,
 Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,
 Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men,
 Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,
 Or measure sparingly the daily bread ;
 Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,
 Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain ;
 On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
 Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye !
 Know that thy Providence, their constant friend,
 Thro' life shall guard them, and in death attend ;
 With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

GOODBY

G O O D N E S S.

Ye Seraphs, who God's throne incircling fill
 With holy zeal your golden censers fill ;
 Ye flaming ministers, to distant lands
 Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands ;
 Ye Cherubs who compose the sacred choir,
 Attuning to your voice th' angelic lyre !
 Or ye, fair natives of the heav'nly plain,
 Who once were mortal—now a happier train !
 Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
 In blissful meads and amaranthine bow'rs,
 Oh lend one spark of your celestial fire !
 Oh deign my glowing bosom to inspire !
 And aid the Muse's unexperienc'd wing,
 While Goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing !

Tho' all thy attributes divinely fair,
 Thy full perfection, glorious God ! declare ;
 Yet if one beam's superior to the rest,
 Oh let thy Goodness fairest be confess'd :
 As shines the moon amidst her starry train,
 As breathes the rose amongst the flow'ry scene,
 As the mild dove her silver plumes displays,
 So sheds thy Mercy its distinguish'd rays.
 This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand,
 When formless Chaos heard thy high command ;

P O E M S F O R

When pleas'd, thine eye thy matchless works review'd,
And Goodness, placid, spoke that all was good !
Nor only does in heaven thy Goodness shine,
Delighted nature feels its warmth divine ;
The vital sun's illuminating beam,
The silver crescent, and the starry gleam ;
As day and night, alternate they command,
Proclaim this truth to ev'ry distant land.
See smiling nature, with thy treasures fair,
Confess thy bounty and parental care ;
Renew'd by Thee, the faithful seasons rise,
And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.
The generous lion and the brindled boar,
As nightly thro' the forest walks they roar,
From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unfed depart away :
To thee, for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preserving eye :
From thee, the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or those who range the field, or plough the main,
Receive, with constant course, th' appointed food,
And taste the cup of universal good ;
Thy hand thou open'st; million'd myriads live ;
Thou frown'st, they faint ;—thou smil'st, and th
revive !

1 virtue's acre, as on rapine's stores,
e heav'n impartial deal the fruitful show'rs !
Life's common blessings all her children share,"
e ad the same earth, and breathe a gen'ral air !
ithout distinction, boundless blessings fall,
id Goodness, like the sun, enlightens all !
i man, degenerate man ! offend no more !
, learn of brutes, thy Maker to adore !
all these, thro' ev'ry tribe, his bounty own,
all his works, ungrateful thou alone !
af when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
d blind when sov'reign Goodness charms the eyes !
rk, even the wretch his awful name blasphemes,
s pity spares,—his clemency reclaims !
serve his patience with the guilty strive,
d bid the criminal repent and live ;
cal the fugitive with gracious eye,
suech the obstinate, he would not die !
nazing tenderness—amazing most,
e soul on whom such mercy should be lost !
t would'st thou view the rays of Goodness join,
one strong point of radiance all divine !
old, celestial Muse ! yon eastern light ;
Beth'lem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight !
ar the glad message to the shepherds giv'n,
Good-will on earth to man, and peace in heav'n."

Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
And hail to earth the Saviour and the God !
Redemption ! oh thou beauteous mystic plan !
Thou salutary source of life to man !
What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace !
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace !
When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful justice claim'd her righteous pay !
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And stop th' light'ning just prepar'd to fly !
(O strange effect of unexampled love !)
View him descend the heavenly throne above ;
Patient, the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm, tho' revil'd, and innocent, tho' poor !
Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,
His life one fair continued scene of good :
For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal justice bleed !
Look, to the cross the Lord of life is ty'd,
They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side
See, God expires ! our forfeit to atone,
While nature trembles at his parting groan !
Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,
Behold, and if thou can'st, forbear to melt !
Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain ?

Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
When breathless he looks down to bid thee live !
Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood !
Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
Reheal thy nature, and confirm thy peace !
Can all the errors of thy life atone,
And raise thee from a rebel—to a son !
O blest Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,
Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won !
When, from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,
(Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)
From that exalted height of bliss supreme,
Look down on those who bear thy sacred name ;
Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace ;
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And by their morals prove their faith divine !
Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
O'er the glad world thy healing light display ;
Fair sun of righteousness ! in beauty rise,
And clear the mists that cloud the heathen skies !
To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
Thou great Messiah ! show thy promis'd reign ;
O'er earth as wide, thy saving warmth diffuse,
As spreads the ambient air, or falling dews,

And

And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy pow'r,
Death shall expire, and sin defile no more !

G L O R Y.

But, oh advent'rous Muse, restrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light !
Before whose glorious throne with dread surprize,
Th' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes ;
Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
No colours can describe, or words express !
All the fair beauties, all the lucid flores,
Which o'er thy works thy hand resplendent pours ;
Reeble, thy brighter glories to display,
Pale as the moon before the solar ray !
See on his throne the Hebrew monarch plac'd,
In all the pomp of the luxuriant east !
While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves, emboss'd with gold ;
Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
To the fair lilly that adorns the field !
Obscur'd, behold that fainter lilly lies,
By the rich bird's * inimitable dyes ;
Yet these survey, confounded and outdone
By the superior lustre of the sun ;

* The Manucodota, or bird of paradise, seen in the Spice-Islands.

hat sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
om Thee, the glorious author of his frame !
ranscendent pow'r ! sole arbiter of fate !
ow great thy glory ! and thy, blifs how great !
o view from thy exalted throne above,
'ternal source of light, and life, and love !)
nnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
o blefs the heav'ns, or beautify the earth ;
'hile systems roll, obedient to thy view,
nd worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew !
hen raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,
nd swell the concert of eternal praise !
flist ye orbs that form this boundless whole,
'hich in the womb of space unnumber'd roll ;
e planets, who compose our lesser scheme,
nd bend, concertive, round the solar frame ;
hou eye of nature ! whose extensive ray,
'ith endless charms adorns the face of day ;
onsenting raise th' harmonious joyful sound,
nd bear his praises thro' the vast profound :
is praise, ye winds, that fan the chearful air,
wift as ye pass along your pinions bear !
is praise let ocean thro' her realms display,
ar as her circling billows can convey !
is praise, ye misty vapours, wide diffuse,
rains descending, or in milder dews ;

His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
 As your tops rustle to the vocal breeze !
 His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes exhale,
 Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale !
 His praise ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
 As pleas'd ye murmur thro' the flow'ry vale.
 His praise ye feather'd choirs distinguish'd sing,
 As to your notes the tuneful forests ring !
 His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
 Who in the vast abyss your revels keep !
 Or ye fair natives of our earthly scene,
 Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green !
 Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear,
 The universal hymn of worship hear !
 But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
 Thy soul transported with the task divine !
 While by his works th' Almighty is confess'd,
 Supremely glorious, and supremely bless'd !
 Great Lord of life ! from whom this humble frame
 Derives the pow'r to sing thy holy name,
 Forgive the lowly muse, whose artless lay
 Has dar'd thy sacred attributes survey !
 Delighted oft thro' nature's beauteous field,
 Has she ador'd thy Wisdom bright reveal'd ;
 Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
But awful rev'rence still with-held her tongue :

Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,
As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way,
Thy Goodness own, thy Providence adore,
He yields thee only—what was thine before!

A D A M'S

ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

THES E are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ; thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heav'n,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater : sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st

With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies ;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiiform; and mix,
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living souls ; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;

Witness

Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

P O P E's

MESSIAH, a Sacred ECLOGUE.

By Mr. POPE.

/E nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
 Light no more——O thou my voice inspire
 To touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !
 Rapt into future times, the Bard begun :
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies :
 'Tis æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 Crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
 Turning justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white rob'd innocence from heav'n descend.
 Let fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !

See nature halber her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring :
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears :
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise ;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ;
He smooths ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no moan the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad saulchion in a plow-share end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd fire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn.
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :

To leafless shrubs the flow'ry palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisom weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead ;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day !
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ;

Y O U N G L A D I E S .

37

at lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts : the light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

The UNIVERSAL PRAYER

By the Same.

FATHER of all ! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,

By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou great first cause, least understood :

Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,

To see the good from ill ;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,

Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,

Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

et not to earth's contracted span

Thy goodness let me bound;
 r think thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round :

et not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 nd deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay :
 I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

ive me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 t aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

each me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 hat mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

ean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quick'ned by thy breath ;
 lead me wherefoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

40 . . . P O E M S F O R

This day, be bread and peace my lot :

All else beneath the sun,

Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,

And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,

Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !

One chorus let all being raise !

All nature's incense rise !

. N I G H T

NIGHT THOUGHTS, by Dr. Y O U N G.

N I G H T F I R S T.

TIR'D nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!

He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: how happy they, who wake no more!
The day too short for my distress! and night,
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sun-shine, to the colour of my fate.
Night, fable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;

My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.
 'Thro' this opaque of nature, and of soul,
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
 To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
 (A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
 Lead it thro' various scenes of life, and death,
 And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
 Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song ;
 Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will
 Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear :
 Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
 On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
 The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours :
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.
 It is the signal that demands dispatch ;
 How much is to be done ? my hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what ? a fathomless abyss ;
 A dread eternity ! how surely mine !

And

And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvelously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in Being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal fully'd, and absorb't!
Tho' fully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself.
Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.

Where now my phrensy's pompous furniture ?
'The cobweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me !
'The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss ; it breaks at ev'ry breeze.
O ye blest scenes of permanent delight !
Full, above measure ! lasting, beyond bound !
A perpetuity of bliss, is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres ;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour ;
And rarely for the better ; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate.
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root ; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.
Bliss ! sublunary bliss !—Proud words, and vain !
Implicit treason to divine decree !

A bold invasion of the rights of heav'n !
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
Oh had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace !
What darts of agony had mis'd my heart !
Death ! great proprietor of all ! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines ;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean ?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreck'd on me ?
Insatiate archer ! could not one suffice ?
Thy shaft flew thrice ; and thrice my peace was slain ;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia ! why so pale ? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour ? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life ?
How wanes my borrow'd bliss ! from fortune's smile,
Precarious courtsey ! not virtue's sure,
Self-given, solar, ray of sound delight.
In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy !
Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace !
Thro' the dark postern of time long clasp'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves !)

Strays, (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing past ;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;
And finds all desert now ; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys ; a num'rous train !
I rue the riches of my former fate ;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear ;
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.
Yet why complain ? or why complain for one ?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man ? Are angels all beside ?
I mourn for millions : 'tis the common lot ;
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
'The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.
War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lost away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their vellow sav'd.

If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable disease, (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once ; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead !
What numbers groan for sad admission there !
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity !
To shock us more, solicit it in vain !
Ye filken fons of pleasure ! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit here,
And breathe from your debauch : give, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you : but, so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right !
Happy ! did sorrow seize on such alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save ;
Disease invades the chastest temperance ;
And punishment the guiltless ; and alarm,
Thro' thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace,
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not happiness itself makes good her name ;
Our very wishes give us not our wish,
How distant oft the thing we doat on most,
From that for which we doat, felicity ?
The smoothest course of nature has its pains ;

And truest friends, thro' error, wound our rest.
 Without misfortune, what calamities !
 And what hostilities, without a foe !
 Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
 But evil is the list of human ills,
 And high might sooner fail, than cause to fight,
 A part how small of the terraqueous globe
 Is haunted by man ! the rest a waste,
 Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands :
 Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death,
 Such is earth's melancholy map ! but, far
 More sad ! th' earth is a true map of man.
 So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
 To woe's wide empire ; where deep troubles toss,
 Loud sorrows howl, in venom'd passions bite,
 Paying our calamities our vitals seize,
 And threatening fate wide opens to devour.
 What then am I, who sorrow for myself ?
 In age, in infancy, from others aid
 Is all our hope ; to teach us to be kind.
 That, nature's last, last lesson to mankind ;
 The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.
 More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts ;
 And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
 Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
Savola thought a second channel ; who divide,

They

weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
 Men, O world ! thy much-indebted tear.
 And a sight is human happiness,
 The whose thought can pierce beyond an hour !
 ! whate'er thou art ! whose heart exults !
 But thou I should congratulate thy fate ?
 Thou wouldst ; thy pride demands it from me.
 Thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
 The salutary censure of a friend.
 Wretched wretch ! by blindness art thou blest ;
 Thou'rt dandled to perpetual smiles.
 Smiler ! at thy peril art thou pleas'd ;
 Assurance is the promise of thy pain.
 Mine, like a creditor severe,
 Stands in demand for her delay ;
 Demands a scourge of past prosperity,
 ; thee more, and double thy distress.
 The nightingale's shrill matin wakes the morn.
 The sharpest thorn hard-pressing on my breast,
 With wakeful melody to cheer
 The len gloom, sweet Philomel ! like thee,
 ! the stars to listen : ev'ry star
 To mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
 Not vain ; there are, who thine excell,
 Arm thro' distant ages : wrapt in shade,
 Of darkness ! to the silent hours,

How often I repeat their rage divine,
 To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe
 I roll their raptures, but not catch their flames.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

N A R C I S S A.

FROM dreams, where thought in fancy's maze run
 mad,

To reason, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,
 Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
 Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
 I keep my assignation with my woe.

O lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
 Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
 Who think it solitude, to be alone.
 Communion sweet! communion large, and high!
 Our reason, guardian angel, and our God!
 'Then nearest these, when others most remote;
 And all, ere long, shall be remote, but these,
 How dreadful, then, to meet them all alone,
 A stranger! unacknowledg'd! un approv'd!
 Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breast
 To win thy wish, creation has no more.
 Or if we wish a fourth, it is a friend——
 But friends, how mortal! dang'rous the desire.
 Take Phoebus to yourselves, ye basking bards!

Inebi

Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain head ;
 And reeling thro' the wilderness of joy ;
 Where sense runs savage, broke from reason's chain,
 And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.
 My fortune is unlike ; unlike my song ;
 Unlike the deity my song invokes.

I to day's soft-ey'd sister pay my court,
 (Endymion's rival!) and her aid implore ;
 Now first implor'd in succour to the muse.

And kind thou wilt be ; kind on such a theme ;
 A theme so like thee, a quite lunar theme,
 Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair !
 A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul,
 'Twas night ; on her fond hopes perpetual night ;
 A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp,
 Than that which smote me from Philander's tomb.
 Narcissa follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.

Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes ;
 They love a train ; they tread each other's heel ;
 Her death invades his mournful sight, and claims
 The grief that started from my lids for him :
 Seizes the faithless, alienated tear,
 Or shares it, ere it falls. So frequent de^{n,}
 Sorrow, he *more* than causes, he confound^{ore}
 For human sighs his rival strokes conten^{ells}
 And make distress, distraction. O Phi

What ~~was~~ thy fate? A double fate to me;
 Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!
 Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,
 Not less a bird of omen, than of prey.
 It call'd Narcissa long ~~before~~ her hour;
 It call'd her tender soul, ~~by~~ break of bliss,
 From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;
 'T'ho' few our noxious fate unblasted leave,
 In this inclement clime of human life.

Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
 And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
 And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
 And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
 For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
 Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
 Transfixt by fate (who loves a lofty mark)
 I flew from the summit of the grove she fell,
 And left it unharmonious! All its charm
 Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
 A strain ^{long} still vibrates in my ravisht ear,
 Now weltering there, and with voluptuous pain
 'To win thy ^{get her!} thrilling thro' my heart!
 Or if we win ^{uty, youth, love, virtue, joy!} this grou
 But friends, ^{ideas, flow'rs of paradise,}
 Take Phoebus ^{feit!} in one blaze we bind,
 And it to the skies; as all

We guests of heav'n . and these were all her own.
And she was mine ; and I was—was most blest—
Gay title of the deepest misery !
As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life ;
Good lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd, in joy.
Like blossom'd trees, o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay ;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there ;
Far lovelier ! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh ?
Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep ;
Our tears indulg'd indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel ! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languisht in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight ;
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat ; and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze,
That once had seen ?) with haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun ; the sun
(As if the sun could envy) checkt his beam,
Deny'd his wonted succour ; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies, *fairest lilies*, not so fair.

Queen lilies ! and ye painted populace !
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives ;
In morn and ev'ning dew your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun ; which gives your cheeks to glow,
And out blush (mine excepted) ev'ry fair ;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incense meet
To thought so pure ! her flow'ry state of mind
In joy unfall'n. Ye lovely fugitives !
Coæval race with man ! for man you smile ;
Why not smile at him too ! you share indeed
His sudden pass ; but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight,
But what his glowing passions can engage ;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale ;
And anguish, after rapture, how severe !
Rapture ? bold man ! who tempts the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taste,
Whilst here, presuming on the rights of heav'n.
For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
Lorenzo ? at thy friend's expence be wise ;
Lean not on earth ; 'twill pierce thee to the heart ;
A broken reed, at best ; but, oft, a spear ;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
*Turn, hopeless thought ! turn from her : thought repell'd,
Resenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe.*

Snatch'd ere thy prime ! and in thy bridal hour !
 And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd !
 And when high-flavour'd thy fresh-op'ning joys !
 And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete !
 And on a foreign shore ; where strangers wept !
 Strangers to thee ; and, more surprising still,
 Strangers to kindness, wept : their eyes let fall
 Inhuman tears ; strange tears ! that trickled down
 From marble hearts ! obdurate tenderneſs !
 A tenderneſs that call'd them more ſevere ;
 In ſpite of nature's ſoft perſuaſion, ſteel'd ;
 While nature melted, ſuperſtition rav'd ;
 That mourn'd the dead ; and this deny'd a grave.

Their ſighs incenſe ; ſighs foreign to the will !
 Their will the Tyger ſuck'd, outrag'd the ſtorm.
 For oh ! the curſt ungodlineſs of zeal !
 While ſinful fleſh relented, ſpirit nurſt
 In blind infallibility's embrace,
 The ſainted ſpirit petrify'd the breaſt ;
 Deny'd the charity of duſt, to ſpread
 O'er duſt ! a charity their dogs enjoy.
 What could I do ? what ſuccour ? what reſource ?
 With pious ſacrilege a grave I ſtole ;
 With impious piety that grave I wrong'd ;
 Short in my duty ; coward in my grief !
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,

With soft-suspended step ; and, muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.
 I whisper'd what should echo thro' their realms :
 Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.
 Presumptuous fear ! how durst I dread her foes,
 While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd ?
 Pardon necessity, blest shade ! Of grief
 And indignation rival bursts I pour'd ;
 Half-execration mingled with my pray'r ;
 Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd ;
 Sore-grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust ;
 Stamp'd the curst soil ; and with humanity
 (Deny'd Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.

Glows my resentment into guilt ? what guilt
 Can equal violations of the dead ?
 The dead how sacred ! sacred is the dust
 Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine !
 This heav'n-assum'd majestic robe of earth,
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and cloath'd the sun in gold.
 When every passion sleeps that can offend ;
 When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt ;
 When man can wreak his rancour uncontroll'd,
 That strongest curb on insult and ill-will ;
 Then, spleen to dust ? the dust of innocence ?
An angel's dust !—this Lucifer transcends,

When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
Far less than this is shocking in a race
Most wretched, but from streams of mutual love;
And uncreated, but for love divine;
And, but for love divine, this moment, lost,
By fate reforc'd, and sunk in endless night.
Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things
Most horrid! 'mid stupendous, highly strange!
Yet oft his courtesies are smother wrongs;
Pride brandishes the favours he confers,
And contumelious his humanity:
What then his vengeance? hear it not, ye stars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound;
Man is to man the forest, surest, ill.
A previous blast foretels the rising storm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they disemboque;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? would it were!
Heav'n's Sov'reign saves all beings but himself,
That hideous fight, a naked human heart.

Fir'd is the muse ? and let the muse be fir'd :
Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks, he feels,
And in the nerve most tender, in his friends ?
Shame to mankind ! Philander had his foes ;
He felt the truths I sing, and I in him.
But he, nor I, feel more : past ills, Narcissa !
Are sunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart !
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs ;
Pangs num'rous, as the num'rous ills that swarm'd
O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and, clust'ring there
'Thick as the locust on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd ?
An aspic, each ; and all, an hydra-woe.
What strong Herculean virtue could suffice ?—
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here ?
This hoary check a train of tears bedews ;
And each tear mourns its own distinct distress ;
And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like this proprietors excludes :
Not friends alone such obsequies deplore ;
They make mankind the mourner ; carry sighs
Far as the fatal fame can wing her way ;
And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,

Down their right channel, thro' the vale of death.
The vale of death ! that husht Cimmerian vale,
Where darknefs, brooding o'er unfinished fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day !) that interdicts all future change !
That subterranean world, that land of ruin !
Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought !
There let my thought expatiate ; and explore
Balsamic truths, and healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, here.
For gay Lorenzo's sake, and for thy own,
My soul ! " The fruits of dying friends survey ;
" Expose the vain of life ; weigh life and death :
" Give death his eulogy ; thy fear subdu'd ;
" And labour that first palm of noble minds,
" A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."

This harvest reap from thy Narcissa's grave.
As poets feign'd, from Ajax' streaming blood
Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flow'r ;
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
And first, of dying friends ; what fruit from these ?
It brings us more than triple aid ; an aid
To chase our thoughtlessness, fear, pride, and guilt.
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardors ; and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.

Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death ; to break those bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
Cross our obstructed way ; and, thus, to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm.
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluckt from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our æreal heights,
And, damp't with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid pride to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love ;
For us they languish, and for us they die :
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain ?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov'ring shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts ?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address ;
Their posthumous advice, and pious pray'r ?
Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans ;
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths ?

HYMNS by Mr. ADDISON.

PROVIDENCE.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For, thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,

Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

G R A T I T U D E.

W H E N all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise:

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart ?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way,
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face,
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
 Has made my cup run o'er,
 And in a kind and faithful friend
 Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ,
 Nor is the least a chearful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Thy

Thro' every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

C R E A T I O N .

TH E spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim;
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as th' ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Or ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

The DAY of J U D G M E N T,

By Mr. O G I L V I E.

From the FIRST BOOK.

COME, heav'nly muse, my raptur'd soul inspire,
 'Touch with one beam of thy celestial fire,
 A soul, that rising with sublime delight
 Leaves worlds behind in its aerial flight ;
 Mounts o'er the skies, unusual heights to soar,
 Where YOUNG and Angels only flew before.
 I leave unheeded ev'ry mortal care,
 The victor's pomp, and all the scenes of war :
 A nobler aim invites my song to rise :
 No praise I sing, but his who form'd the skies :
 No scenes, but nature's burning vaults display'd ;
 No pow'r, but that which wakes the sleeping dead.
 My theme how vast ! the sun's extinguish'd rays ;
 'Ten thousand stars in one devouring blaze ;
 'That doom, the guilty wretch must dread to hear :
 'The last loud trump that stops the rolling sphere ;
 'The crowds that burst from earth's dissolving frame ;
 All heaven descending, and a world on flame.
 O 'Thou, whose hands the bolted thunder form,
 Whose wings the whirlwind, and whose breath the
 storm :

Tremendous God ! this wond'ring bosom raise,
 And warm each thought that would attempt thy praise.
 O ! while I mount along th' ethereal way,
 To softer regions, and unclouded day,
 'Tis the long tracks where darting lightnings glow,
 Or trembling view the boiling deeps below ;
 Lead thro' the dubious maze, direct the whole,
 Send heav'nly aid to my transported soul,
 Teach ev'ry nobler power to guide my tongue,
 And touch the heart, while thou inspir'st the song.
 'Twas at the hour, when midnight ghosts assume
 Some frightful shape, and sweep along the gloom ;
 When the pale spectre bursts upon the view ;
 When fancy paints the fading taper blue ;
 When smiling virtue rests, nor dreads a foe ;
 And slumber shuts the weeping eyes of woe :
 'Twas then, amid the silence of the night,
 A graceful seraph stood before my sight,
 And blaz'd meridian day—the rocking ground
 'Twas as he mov'd, and totter'd as he frown'd.
 As some vast meteor, whose expanded glare
 Hoots a long stream that brightens all the air,
 So flam'd his burning eyes :—earth heard and shook
 When from his lips these dreadful accents broke :
 Now is that hour, when at th' Almighty's call,
 Surrounding flames shall melt the yielding ball ;

" When worlds must blaze amid the general fire,
 " And suns and stars with all their hosts expire.
 " The long-delay'd, th' important day is come,
 " (All nature quake with terror at the doom.)
 " For which creation rose supremely fair,
 " Each world was launch'd, and hung upon the air,
 " O'er system system roll'd, a shining throng,
 " And mov'd in silent harmony along.
 " That hour is come, when God himself shall rise,
 " Sublime in wrath, and rend the burning skies ;
 " Arrest the boundless planets, as they roll,
 " And burst the labouring earth from pole to pole ;
 " Bid hell's remote dominions hear and shake,
 " While nature sinks, and all the dead awake."
 Warm'd as he spoke, I felt th' enliv'ning ray ;
 'Then loos'd from earth, triumphing soar'd away :
 We mount at once, and, lighter than the wind,
 Left, as we flew, the distant clouds behind.
 'Then far remov'd beheld th' abodes below,
 And wait in deep suspense the impending blow.
 Now o'er the brightning east Aurora spread,
 And ting'd the blushing cloud with morning red ;
 'The hill's proud summit caught the waving gleam :
 'The pale ray trembled on the quiv'ring stream ;
 'Then opening gradual from the shades of night
 The cloud-topt forest shone with dawning light ;

Serene the beauteous landscape rose to view,
 The mead's green mantle wet with spangling dew,
 The gay-rob'd flow'rs that glow'd with heighten'd
 bloom,

And bow'ring dales, and groves that breath'd perfume.

So when the tempest's sweepy blast is o'er,
 Nor bursts the rushing wind, nor prattling show'r :

No hov'ring mist obscures th' emerging day,
 Wide o'er the prospect pours the streamy ray ;

A fresher cloud the dewy fields exhale,
 With richer fragrance blows the balmy gale,

The echoing hills with louder notes rebound,
 And all th' illumin'd landscape rings around.

Charm'd and surpriz'd we saw the fair abode,
 The plains with beauty's flow'ry offspring strow'd,
 Beheld the city's distant spires arise,

Or tow'r's dim top that touch'd the bending skies ;
 Or view'd the wild, with trackless paths o'ercast,
 Where roams the lion thro' the naked waste ;

Or pensive, ey'd the solitary pile
 Where flits the night-bird thro' the glimm'ring isle :
 Struck deep with woe, we mark'd the domes o'erthrown

Where once the beauty bloom'd, the warrior shone ;
 We saw Palmyra's mould'ring tow'rs decay'd,
 The loose wall tott'ring o'er the trembling shade !

Or fall'n Persepolis that desert lay !
Or Balbec's fanes that catch'd the quiv'ring ray !
Vain pomp of pow'r !—now in the throne of kings
Shrinks the 'lone owl, the raven shakes her wings.
Then o'er the boundless deeps our eyes were roll'd,
The waves all brightning flam'd with beamy gold.
Here mov'd in gradual rows the billows heave,
There on the rough rock foams the madning wave,
Or dash the torrents down the cliff's steep side,
Or thro' the cavern sweeps the rushing tide ;
We mark'd the river's long majestic train,
And streams that murmur'd o'er the flow'ry plain,
The lake whose waves with lucid radiance glow,
Not finer tints impress the show'ry bow,
'The fountain bubbling thro' the moss-clad hill,
And wand'ring wild the sweetly-tinkling rill.
'Then o'er the champaign's broider'd lawns we stray,
Where gaily warbling thrill'd the woodland lay,
Survey'd with rapture all th' inviting scene,
'The vary'd landscape, and the vivid green ;
A charming train of all the muses themes,
Gay meads, and pointed rocks, and purling streams ;
Hills, vales, and woods in sweet disorder spread,
And blooming fields in all their pomp display'd.
Still at each look, (amid the countless store)
We mark'd some feature unobserv'd before,

As in the cheek with opening roses warm,
 Each piercing glance improves the growing charm.
 Then sighing deep, distracted at the view,
 " Adieu, I cry'd, ye blissful scenes adieu :
 " That sun must cease to gild the flow'ry plain :
 " The moon be lost with all the starry train :
 " Plung'd in one fire, each mighty frame consume,
 " 'Tis God, th' eternal God has seal'd their doom."

Lo! at the word (each transient ray withdrawn)
 A low'ring cloud at once o'ercast the dawn :
 From its dark breast, with swelling tempests stor'd ;
 Pale lightning flash'd, and dreadful thunder roar'd.
 Earth's glowing bosom felt a sudden wound,
 And strong convulsions rent the opening ground ;
 The rapid whirlwind with impetuous sweep
 Bursts from its vaults, and rais'd the labouring deep ;
 Rocks, cities, streams at once its wond'rous prey,
 It swept the woods, and bore the hills away.
 But now, with terror rising on the sight,
 A burning comet flash'd unusual light.
 Quick as the wind, the wing'd destruction came
 O'er all the void, and drew a length of flame ;
 Shap'd thro' the parting clouds its dreadful way,
 And pour'd on earth intolerable day.
 At once the cave its inmost void displays ;
 The waving forests catch the spreading blaze ;

The earth no more its central fire contains,
It rag'd and swell'd resistless o'er the plains.
Now in a broader range the deluge raves,
And rolls triumphant thro' the boiling waves ;
O'er all the hills the rising flames aspire,
'The mountains blaze, a mighty ridge of fire !
Where stood the snow-crown'd alps, (an awful name!)
Now roll'd the doubling smoke, and spiry flame ;
While o'er the Andes in a whirlwind driv'n
Burst the blue gleam, and darkness wrapt the heav'n.
Ev'n Etna rocks with a reluctant groan,
Sunk in a flame more dreadful than its own :
A fiery stream the deep Volcano pours,
And from its mouth incessant thunder roars.
Each humbler vale partakes the gen'ral doom,
'The smiling meads resign their lovely bloom ;
Not Asia's fields th' impetuous flood retain,
It bounds with fury o'er the wide champaign,
Whate'er to view revolving seasons bring,
Each opening flow'r, the painted child of spring,
Bleak winter's snow, with summer's rosy pride,
And autumn's ripening stores, augment the tide :
On its broad wave it bears the shining spoil,
Hills burst, rocks melt, woods blaze, and oceans boil.
Such, man, thy life, when death's relentless rage
Crops thy gay bloom, or chills thy with'ring age ;

vain thy wish would stop th' invader's pow'r,
 'ho spares the leaf to revel on the flow'r.
 ! how transported with a fleeting dream
 'e fondly launch, and glide along the stream !
 or think of tempests, mis'ry, pain, or death,
 he storms above us, and the wrecks beneath !
 'hen lo ! at once a cloudy scene succeeds,
 low'rs, frowns, blackens, bellows o'er our heads ;
 ounds o'er the seas, and with destructive sweep,
 lings wave on wave, and whelms us in the deep.
 'here now the nation, whose controuling law,
 ul'd ev'ry state, and held a world in awe ?
 ay where, Britannia, thy remoter plain ?
 'hy fields enrich'd with plenty's welcome train ?
 'hy fleets, to sound their dreadful fame afar,
 and rule the deep, the thunderbolts of war ?
 till in my thought thy happier days detain'd,
 When George, when Anna, when Eliza reign'd ;
 see, I hear the battle's wild alarms,
 ee trembling foes, and thy triumphant arms !
 see sublime the floating navy rise,
 'he pompous streamers waving as she flies !
 see the shudd'ring hosts that round her fall,
 'he haughty Spaniard here, and there the Gaul.
 see great Bourbon fainting and dismay'd,
 and view the laurel blasted on his head.

O ! while my country's glory fires my lays,
How my fond heart runs lavish in her praise !
But see, 'tis fled !—I urge, implore its stay,
In vain : the charming vision dies away ;
'The plains where once her shouting armies flood,
'The stream's broad wave that blush'd with hostile blood
Roll'd in the mass of fire neglected lay,
And join'd th' involving cloud that hid the day.
See earth's pale sons ! a mighty throng appear !
How wild their looks with agonizing fear !
Swift, as the hart, from her pursuing train,
Climbs the steep rock, and flies along the plain :
'Tis thus, the tempest's dreadful rage to shun,
'They sweep the field, and shiver as they run.
Here yawning gulphs their dreadful wrecks disclose,
'There nature labours with convulsive throws :
Here the flame bursts, and blazes to the skies,
'There flash the pointed lightnings on their eyes.
Amaz'd, aghast the trembling throng retire,
E'ye the bright gleam, and mark the speeding fire ;
Hung on the steepy cliff, all wild with dread,
Heav'n's awful thunder rattles o'er their head !
'The skies above with doubling roars rebound,
Below strong earthquakes rend the tott'ring ground.
'Tis noise around, 'tis chaos all beneath ;
One scene of horror, tumult, rage and death,

Bursts on their sight ! the fatal word is past, •
And panting nature groans, and breathes her last.
So, when tempestuous at th' Eternal's word
The teeming skies a wat'ry deluge pour'd ;
The vast abyss its mighty deep display'd,
And the flood rose o'er Atlas' tow'ring head ;
Some nation fell, in each augmented wave
Dissolv'd, and earth was one prodigious grave.
Mark where yon mines their radiant stores unfold,
Peru's rich dust, or Chili's beds of gold !
Insidious bane ! that makes destruction smooth,
Thou foe to virtue, liberty, and truth !
Whose arts the fate of monarchies decide,
Who gild'st deceit, the darling child of pride !
How oft, allur'd by thy persuasive charms,
Have earth's contending powers appear'd in arms !
What nations brib'd have own'd thy pow'rful reign !
For thee what millions plow'd the stormy main !
Travel'd from pole to pole with ceaseless toil,
And felt their blood, alternate, freeze and boil.
But now the mantling flames in concourse join,
And deep descending seize the burning mine ;
Its richest treasures aid the mounting blaze,
'Twas all confusion, tumult, and amaze.
When lo ! a cloud just opening on the view
Wam'd with dazzling light th' ethereal blue !

On its broad breast a mighty angel came,
His eyes were lightning, and his robes of flame :
O'er all his form the circling glories run,
And his face lighten'd as the blazing sun ;
His limbs with heav'n's ærial vesture glow,
And o'er his head was hung the sweepy bow.
As shines the brightning steel's refulgent gleam,
When the smooth blade reflects the spangling beam,
Its light with quicken'd glance the eye surveys,
Green, gold, and vermeil, trembling as it plays ;
So flam'd his wings along th' ethereal road,
And earth's long shores resounded as he trod.
Sublime he tower'd ! keen terror arm'd his eyes,
And grasp'd the redning bolt that rends the skies ;
One foot stood firmly on th' extended plain
Secure, and one repell'd the bounding main ;
He shook his arm ;—the lightning burst away,
Thro' heav'n's dark concave gleam'd the paly ray,
Roar'd the loud bolt tremendous thro' the gloom,
And peals on peals prepare th' impending doom.
Then to his lips a mighty trump apply'd,
(The flames were ceas'd, the mutt'ring thunders dy'd
While all th' involving firmaments rebound
He rais'd his voice, and labour'd in the sound :
These dreadful words he spoke—,

Be dark, thou sun, in one eternal night !
 And cease, thou moon, to rule with paler light !
 Ye planets, drop from these dissolving skies !
 Rend, all ye tombs ; and, all ye dead, arise !
 Ye winds, be still ; ye tempests, rave no more !
 And roll, thou deep, thy millions to the shore !
 Earth, be dissolv'd, with all these worlds on high !
 And time, be lost in vast eternity !
 Now, by Creation's dread tremendous fire,
 Who sweeps these stars as atoms, in his ire ;
 By heav'n's omnipotent, unconquer'd king ;
 By him who rides the rapid whirlwind's wing ;
 Who reigns supreme in his august abode,
 Forms, or confounds with one commanding nod ;
 Who wraps in blackning clouds his awful brow,
 Whose glance like lightning looks all nature thro' ;
 By him I swear !" (he paus'd, and bow'd the head,
 Then rais'd aloft his flaming hand, and said)
 Attend ye saints, who in seraphic lays
 Exalt his name, but tremble while you praise :
 Ye hosts, that bow to your almighty Lord,
 Hear, all his works, th' irrevocable word !
 Thy reign, O man, and earth, thy days are o'er !
 I swear by him, that time shall be no more."
 He spoke : (all nature groan'd a loud reply ;) O
 Then shook the sun, and tore him from the sky.

O ! would some angel's awful voice controul
Each drooping thought, and swell my rising soul ;
Would some descending seraph tune the lyre,
And warm my breast with more than mortal fire ;
The scene I draw sublimer strains would claim,
Ev'n those might labour on so vast a theme !
But why for aid invok'd the immortal throng ?
Why call'd angelic fire to tune my tongue ?
I see each look distracted, terrify'd,
The harp untouch'd hangs idly by their side.
I see, I see omnipotence in arms,
Each bosom trembling at the shrill alarms !
I see the sun fall thro' th' ethereal plains ;
'The moon's pale disk a bloody tincture stains :
The dreadful call each mightier orbit hears,
And worlds unhing'd come tumbling from their sphere
What pomp, what terror, tumult, and amaze !
What crowds to view ! what wrecks to swell the bla
What loud volcanoes roar ! (ev'n fiends recoil)
What rocks to melt ! what oceans yet to boil !
Shouldst thou behold, in dreadful league combin'
At once great *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* join'd ;
Two mighty rivals from their center rock,
Surround the deep, and hide the clouds in smok
Their burning bowels rent, and (dire to name
Ev'n suns extinguish'd in the spreading flame

Say, what is all, let fire, wind, waves prevail,
Compar'd to this ?——a feather, and a gale !
Rous'd from their sleep unnumber'd myriads come,
All wak'd at once, and burst the yielding tomb :
O'er the broad deep the loosen'd members swim ;
Each sweeping whirlwind bore the flying limb ;
The living atoms, with peculiar care,
Drawn from their cells, came speeding thro' the air ;
Whether they lurk'd, thro' ages undecay'd,
Deep in the rock, or cloth'd some smiling mead ;
Or in the lily's snowy bosom grew ;
Or ting'd the sapphire with its lovely blue ;
Or in some purling stream refresh'd the plains ;
Or form'd the mountain's adamantine veins ;
Or, gaily sporting in the breathing spring,
Perfum'd the whisp'ring zephyr's balmy wing :
All heard ; and now, in fairer prospect shown,
Limb clung to limb, and bone rejoin'd its bone :
Here stood, improv'd in strength, the graceful frame,
There flow'd the circling blood, a purer stream :
The beaming eye its dazzling light resumes ;
Soft on the lip the tinctur'd ruby blooms ;
The beating pulse a keener ardor warms,
And beauty triumphs in immortal charms.
So when by Raphael's happy pencil wrought
Some graceful figure rose, inform'd with thought,

Each

Each part by turns the working hand pourtray'd,
Here cast the light, and there diffus'd the shade ;
A richer bloom each flying touch bestow'd ;
Now on the cheek a brighter vermeil glow'd :
Art in the piece with nature seem'd to strive,
And ev'ry blushing feature look'd alive.
What scenes appear, where'er I turn my eyes !
How wide the throng ! what forms innum'rous rise !
Methinks I still behold the teeming earth
Pour all at once her millions at a birth !
'They start with terror thro' the opening ground,
Flames all beneath, and thunders all around.
Are these the forms, that languishingly fair,
Repin'd and sicken'd at each breeze of air ?
'The tender frames, like fading roses pale,
Whose leaves are shrivel'd by the ruffling gale ?
To death's destructive dart an easy prey,
'That sunk, and feebly sigh'd the soul away ?
'This clouded scene attempt not to explore ;
Where reason sinks, 'twere madness then to soar :
Heav'n that to each the just proportion brought,
Here bounds the flight of vain bewilder'd thought ;
When fancy plays within its proper sphere,
It smiles, and shows th' unsully'd object clear ;
Whene'er from that the erring guide removes,
'Tis dark ; all else but puzzles, not improves.

Look

Look round, my soul, o'er ev'ry scene below,
 What millions rise, distinguish'd by their woe !
 See widows, orphans, mothers, infants slain,
 A feeble, harmless, weeping, fainting train !
 What crowds, extinct by an untimely doom,
 Are torn from life in youth's deluding bloom !
 A throng of mourners sighing by their side,
 The hoary sire perhaps, and virgin bride ;
 The friend whose eyes with gushing streams o'erflow,
 The mother pierc'd with agonizing woe.
 See ! where the shade, to strike his gasping prey,
 Draws the keen dart, that never miss'd its way ;
 Thron'd on the ruin of terrestrial things,
 He sits, and tramples on the dust of kings.
 See, his black chariot floats in streams of gore,
 Pale rage behind, and terror strides before.
 Not beauty with'ring in the bloom of years,
 Not dove-ey'd innocence dissolv'd in tears,
 Not kneeling love that trembles as it prays,
 Not heart-struck anguish fix'd in stupid gaze !
 Not all the frantic groans of wild despair ;
 Not helpless age, that tears its silver hair ;
 Can stay one moment the severe command,
 Or wrest th' avenging dart from that relentless hand.
 Here pause :—the crowds extended on the bier
 Claim from the filial heart a parting tear ;

Spend on the tomb where drooping grandeur lies,
One mournful burst of sympathizing sighs.
O death ! terrific ere thy dart is try'd !
Whose hand o'erturns the tow'ring domes of pride ;
What wide destruction marks thy fatal reign !
What numbers bleed thro' all thy vast domain !
Whether thy arm, its dreadful strength to show,
Like Sampson's, sweeps its thousands at a blow ;
Or gives the cannon's parting ball to fly ;
Or wings the lightning glancing thro' the sky ;
Or bursts the opening ground (whose fields destroy'd)
The city tumbling thro' the dreadful void !
If, in the fever, famine, plague, thou blast
Th' unpeopl'd earth, and lay the nations waste ;
Tho' all her sons, the victims of thy pow'r,
Her sons, that fall by millions in an hour ;
Yet know, should all thy terrors stand display'd,
'Tis but the meaner soul that shrinks with dread :
'That solemn scene the suppliant captive mourns ;
'That scene, intrepid virtue views, and scorns.
Thine, virtue ! thine is each persuasive charm,
Thine ev'ry soul with heav'nly raptures warm ;
'Thine all the bliss that innocence bestows,
And thine the heart that feels another's woes.
What tho' thy train, neglected, or unknown,
Have fought the silent vale, and sigh'd alone ?

Tho' torrents stream'd from every melting eye ?
Tho' from each bosom burst th' unpity'd sigh ?
Tho' oft, with life's distracting cares oppress'd,
They long'd to sleep in everlasting rest ?
O envy'd misery !——what soft delight
Breath'd on the mind, and smooth'd the gloom of night :
When nobler prospects, an eternal train,
Made rapture glow in ev'ry beating vein ;
When heav'n's bright domes the smiling eye survey'd,
And joys that bloom'd more sweetly from the shade.
Now all appear'd ascending from the tomb,
Who breath'd the air, or slumber'd in the womb :
The crowds that live in all th' unbounded skies,
Now rais'd the trembling ~~heav~~ with wild surprize :
Stars with their num'rous sons augment the throng,
Each world's majestic offspring tow'r'd along :
Thick, as the burning sun's meridian rays,
The hov'ring insects basking in the blaze ;
The swarms that flutter, when the day's withdrawn ;
The throng that rises with the rising dawn ;
The world supported by Jehovah's care,
And all the race that peoples all the air,
Rang'd on a field by labouring angels rear'd,
In dreadful length th' innum'rous throng appear'd :
Earth's noblest sons, the mighty wretched things,
Call'd *heroes, consuls, Cæsars, judges, kings,*

Now swell'd the crowd, promiscuous and unknown,
 The meanest slave from him who fill'd a throne :
 Each tyrant now would bless the yawning tomb,
 And pride stands shudd'ring at th' approaching doom.
 Think you behold ten thousand armies stand,
 All form'd, and rais'd by some divine command ;
 Saw where the giants burst their dark abode,
 While the tomb labour'd with th' unusual load.
 Let Theseus, Samson, tow'r upon the plain,
 With stern Achilles, from a field of slain :
 Let Rome's and Greece' triumphant sons appear,
 A Cesar there, an Alexander here :
 Her splendid multitudes let Persia join,
 Thy swarms Thermopylæ, and, Issus, thine :
 See Cannæ tainted with a purple flood,
 And great Pharsalia's fields that stream with blood :
 Extend the view :—See god-like Trajan's pow'r :
 Th' intrepid chief proceeds from shore to shore,
 Flies on the foe, and paints the reeking field with gore!
 Lo ! next a throng of wild Barbarians come,
 The crowds that triumph'd o'er imperial Rome :
 See, like a cloud that gathers on the day,
 Th' embattled squadrons shape their dreadful way :
 Prodigious hosts ! who (all their foes o'erthrown)
 Once rul'd supreme, and made a world their own :

At Asia's millions fill th' extended space,
 Down from the rest, a soft, unmanly race ;
 Nile there, (each bosom rough with many a scar)
 And Afric's troops, the stormy sons of war.
 Umbus' world, a wide innum'rous throng,
 Bills on the straining fight, and pours along,
 That race! ere discord snatch'd the gleaming shield,
 War tremendous thunder'd o'er the field,
 Freedom ranging o'er Peruvian plains,
 Shook'd their dire waste, and heard the clanking chains :
 Once dim sorrow veil'd her shining eyes,
 Spread her dazzling plumes, and ey'd the skies ;
 It, rage, and death, terrific shapes ! appear,
 A distant tumult murmur'd on her ear :
 Figh'd ;—and mounting on the glancing ray,
 Came o'er the scene, and fought the climes of day.
 Invincib'rous'd to life th' assembled myriads trod,
 Tyrant o'er them shakes th' avenging rod ;
 Conscience speaks—th' impartial mandate giv'n
 Signs to death, or opes the climes of heav'n ;
 Looks divine the fever'd thought controul,
 Voice like music thrills th' enraptur'd soul.
 See, where rising, a resplendent throng,
 Sons, Europa, claim a nobler song !
 Britain's heroes burst upon the fight,
 The chief who dar'd th' exulting foe to fight !

View the wide fields, where fainting armies bled !
 See Blenheims, Cressi's, Agincourts display'd !
 War, blood, destruction, triumphs, conquests rise,
 And kings, and patriots bless th' enraptur'd eyes !
 Let Gallia next her num'rous hosts unfold,
 'The crowds she rais'd by force, or won by gold :
 'Think you beheld th' united armies spread,
 And all the crowds 'Turenne, or Conde led,
 By Charles' unguided rage the throng that dy'd,
 'The millions murder'd for her Bourbon's pride.
 Join all at once, or (if thy thoughts can soar
 So vast a height) yet add ten thousand more !
 Say when thy soul its last idea brought,
 Stretch'd o'er the verge of strong expanded thought,
 When all th' unbounded genius soar'd on high,
 Did e'er such numbers strike the wond'ring eye ?
 So vast, they mock the soul's confounded sight :
 Ev'n thought falls back in its unequal flight,
 Not tempting hope the mighty depth can sound,
 Nor fancy's widening ken can mark the bound.
 Yet, mid' the crowd that pour'd o'er all the field,
 A crowd which scarce the labouring eye beheld !
 Ye monarchs, hear !—this pomp of nations join'd,
 'These ages, empires, kingdoms, states combin'd,
 'These boasted thousands, millions, myriads,—all
Shrank to a point unmeasurably small !

arce when a group of buzzing flies display
 their forms, that glitter with the glancing ray ;
 arce, less observ'd, mid' all the numbers there,
 the flitting wing that feebly fans the air !
 eternal God, whose word supremely wise
 can crush, or people all th' expanded skies !
 who bid'st creation wait on thy command,
 throw'st worlds like atoms from thy forming hand !
 ! for some nobler, more exalted lays,
 some heav'nly strains, to speak thy boundless praise !
 I fancy droops on this transporting scene !
 I rapture dull ! all elegance is mean !
 I thought too faint ! all colours cease to glow !
 I fire too languid ! all sublime too low !
 thou, whose name all nature joins to raise !
 what seraph's voice can tell thy wondrous ways !
 who show'd (how god-like was th' amazing plan !)
 thy pow'r on angels, but thy love to man !
 thy pow'r, thy love, when uncontroul'd and free,
 crush'd all their hosts, O man ! and ransom'd thee.
 Let stay, my muse, be silent and admire ;
 this lofty theme exceeds angelic fire !
 mark what new scene thy rapid glance descrys !
 what sudden radiance flashes o'er the skies !
 from heav'n's vast heights th' immortal throng descend ;
 the worlds below in mute suspense attend :

Thro' all its tracts thy mighty theme pursue,
And paint the scenes that barst upon thy view.
Now, touch'd with grief, the pensive guide survey'd,
Whate'er of grand this awful pomp display'd ;
Then rais'd in silent woe his mournful eyes,
And paus'd,—till thus with intermingling sighs :
“ Say where, vain mortal ! now the pomp of state ?
“ The pride of kings, the triumphs of the great ?
“ Where now the imbattled host, the whirling car ?
“ Where the proud spoils of desolating war ?
“ Hope's flatt'ring wish, ambition's tow'ring aim ?
“ The boast of grandeur, and the wreaths of fame ?
“ Where the gay plan by fancy's hand refin'd,
“ That smil'd illusive on th' enchanted mind ?
“ Ah ! view'd no more, these beauteous traits decay,
“ Like stars that fade before the rising day !
“ Less swift the gale that skims the ruffling stream,
“ Nor flies more quick the visionary dream.
“ Hail, heav'nly piety, supremely fair !
“ Whose smiles can calm the horrors of despair ;
“ Bid in each breast unusual transports flow,
“ And wipe the tears that stain the cheek of woe :
“ How blest the man who leaves each meaner scene,
“ Like thee, exalted, smiling, and serene !
“ Whose rising soul pursues a nobler flight ;
“ Whose bosom melts with more refin'd delight ;
“ Whose

“ Whose thoughts, elate with transports all sublime,
“ Can soar at once beyond the views of time :
“ Till loos’d from earth, as angels unconfin’d,
“ He flies ærial on the darting wind ;
“ Free as the keen ey’d eagle, bears away,
“ And mounts the regions of eternal day.”



P O E M S

F O R

Y O U N G L A D I E S.



P A R T II.

M O R A L.



E D W I N A N D A N G E L I N A.

By Dr. G O L D S M I T H.

DEIGN, faint-like tenant of the dale,
To guide my nightly way
To yonder fire that cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

For here, deserted, as I tread
With fainting steps and slow,
The wild, immeasurably spread,
Seems lengthening as I go.

Forbear,

Forbear, my son, the sage replies,
To tempt the lonely gloom,
For yonder faithless phantom lies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still,
And tho' my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn to-night, and freely share,
Whate'er my cell bestows,
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks, that range the valley free;
To slaughter I condemn ;
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
And water from the spring.

Then trav'ller turn, thy cares forego,
For earth-born cares are wrong ;
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from 'heav'n descends,

His gentlé accents fell,

The modest stranger lowly bends,

And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure

The lonely mansion lay,

A refuge to th' unshelter'd poor,

And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch

Requir'd a master's care,

But the door, op'ning with a latch,

Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire

To take their evening rest,

The hermit trim'd his pleasant fire,

And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,

And gaily prest and smil'd,

And, skill'd in legendary lore,

The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

While round, in sympathetic mirth,

Its tricks the kitten tries,

The cricket chirrups in the hearth,

The crackling faggot flies.

But

But nothing mirthful could assuage
The pensive stranger's woe,
For grief had seiz'd his early age, .
And tears would often flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd, .
With answering care oppress'd ;
And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
The sorrows of thy breast ?

From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove,
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

Say, what is friendship ? but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep.

And what is love ? an empty sound,
The modern fair one's jest ;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

r shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex, he said ;
t while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

rpriz'd he sees new beauty rise
Expanding to the view,
ke colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

ie bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms ;
he lovely stranger stands confess
A maid in all her charms.

nd ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A thing forlorn, she cry'd,
'hose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

orgive, and let thy pious care
A heart's distress allay,
'hat seeks repose, but finds despair
Companion of the way.

ly father liv'd, of high degree
Remote beside the Tyne,
and as he had but only me,
His opulence was mine.

To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Their chief pretence my flatter'd charms,
My wealth perhaps their aim.

Each hour the mercenary crowd
With glitt'ring proffers strove ;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
Who offer'd only love.

In humble simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

Whene'er he spoke amidst the train,
How would my heart attend !
And still delighted e'en to pain,
How sigh for such a friend !

And when a little rest I sought
In sleep's refreshing arms,
How have I mended what he taught
And lent him fancied charms !

Yet still and hapless be the hour,
I spurn'd him from my side,
And still with ill dissembled power,
Repaid his love with pride.

Till, quite dejected with my scorn,

He left me to deplore,

And sought a solitude forlorn,

And ne'er was heard of more.

Then since he perish'd by my fault,

'This pilgrimage I pay,

I'll seek the solitude he sought,

And stretch me where he lay.

And there in shelt'ring thicket hid,

I'll linger till I die ;

'Twas thus for me my lover did,

And so for him will I.

Thou shalt not thus, the hermit cried,

And clasp'd her to his breast :

Th' astonish'd fair-one turn'd to chide ;

'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

For now no longer could he hide

What first to hide he strove ;

His looks resume their youthful pride,

And flush with honest love.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear,

My charmer, turn to see

Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,

Resolv'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign,
And shall we never, never part,
My thou, my all that's mine.

No, never from this hour to part,
Our love shall still be new,
And the last sigh that rends thy heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

Here amidst streams and bow'rs we'll rove,
From lawn to woodland stray,
Bliss as the songsters of the grove,
And innocent as they.

To all that want, and all that wail,
Our pity shall be given,
And when this life of love shall fail,
We'll love it o'er in heav'n.

•

F A B L E S. By Mr. M O O R E.

The NIGHTINGALE and GLOW-WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
 The lilly, and the blushing rose,
 Whom public view her charms will screen,
 And rarely in the crowd be seen ;
 Whose simple truth shall keep her wise,
 The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night a glow-worm, proud and vain,
 Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
 Wond'ring, sure there never was in nature
 So elegant, so fine a creature.
 I see other insects, that I see,
 The frugal ant, industrious bee,
 The silk-worm, with contempt I view ;
 With all that low, mechanic crew,
 Who servilely their lives employ
 In business, enemy to joy.
 O man, vulgar herd ! ye are my scorn,
 For grandeur only I was born,
 I sure am sprung from race divine,
 And plac'd on earth, to live and shine.
 Those lights, that sparkle so on high,
 Are but the glow-worms of the sky.

And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay ;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare ;
A while he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke :

Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate :
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain :
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

H Y M E N a n d D E A T H .

SIXTEEN, dy'e say ? nay then 'tis time,
Another year destroys your prime.
But stay—the settlement ! “ That's made.”
Why then's my simple girl afraid ?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable scan.

'The shades were fled, the morning blush
'The winds were in their caverns hush'd

hen Hymen, pensive and sedate,
eld o'er the fields his musing gait.
hind him, through the green-wood shade,
eath's meagre form the god survey'd ;
Who quickly, with gigantic stride,
ut-went his pace and join'd his side,
he chat on various subjects ran,
ill angry Hymen thus began.
Relentless death, whose iron sway
ortal reluctant must obey ;
ill of thy pow'r shall I complain,
nd thy too partial hand arraign ?
hen Cupid brings a pair of hearts,
ll over stuck with equal darts,
hy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
nd cut the knot that Hymen ty'd.
Shall not the bloody and the bold,
he miser, hoarding up his gold,
he harlot, reeking from the stew,
lone thy fell revenge pursue ?
it must the gentle, and the kind,
hy fury, undistinguish'd, find ?
The monarch calmly thus reply'd ;
'eigh well the cause, and then decide.
hat friend of yours you lately nam'd,
upid, alone is to be blam'd ;

Then let the charge be justly laid ;
 That idle boy neglects his trade,
 And hardly once in twenty years,
 A couple to your temple bears.
 The wretches, whom your office blends,
 Silenus now, or Plutus sends ;
 Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,
 Are common to the nuptial life.

Believe me ; more than all mankind,
 Your vot'ries my compassion find ;
 Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,
 Who seek the wretched to release ;
 The captive from his bonds to free,
 Indissoluble but for me.

'Tis I entice him to the yoke ;
 By me, your crowded altars smoke :
 For mortals boldly dare the noose,
 Secure that death will set them loose.

'The WOLF, the SHEEP, and the LAMB.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
 Should sanctify the daughter's choice ;
 In that is due obedience shown ;
 'To chuse belongs to her alone.

horror seize his midnight hour,
ilds upon a parent's pow'r,
ims, by purchase vile and base,
thing maid for his embrace ;
virtue sickens ; and the breast,
peace had built her downy nest,
s the troubled seat of care,
es with anguish, and despair.

If, rapacious, rough and bold,
ightly plunders thin'd the fold,
plating his ill-spent life,
y'd with thefts, would take a wife.
pose known, the savage race,
rous crowds, attend the place ;
, a mighty wolf he was,
d dominion in his jaws.
rite whelp each mother brought,
nbly his alliance sought ;
by age, or else too nice,
ind acceptance in his eyes.
pen'd, as at early dawn
ry cross'd the lawn,
rom the fold, a sportive lamb
anton by her fleecy dam ;

When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew ;
Their nimblest speed the wolf o'ertook,
And courteous, thus the dam bespoke.

Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,
Trust me, no enemy is near ;
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood ;
And kinder business brings me now,
Vanquish'd, at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter——Sweet, forgive
A wolf's address——in her I live ;
Love from her eyes like light'ning came,
And set my marrow all on flame ;
Let your consent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth, and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend ;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made ?
At home the shepherd's curr may sleep,
While I secure his master's sheep.

Discourse like this, attention claim'd ;
Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd ;

fearless by his side she walk'd,
settlements and jointures talk'd ;
pos'd, and doubled her demands
ow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
wolf agrees. Her bosom swells ;
tells her happy fate she tells ;
of the grand alliance vain,
reminds her kindred of the plain.
The loathing lamb with horror hears,
wearies out her dam with pray'rs ;
all in vain ; mamma best knew
what unexperienc'd girls should do ;
to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,
eternal as the couple marry'd.
Born from the tyrant-mother's side,
the trembler goes, a victim-bride,
pliant, meets the rude embrace,
bleats among the howling race.
In horror oft her eyes behold
murder'd kindred of the fold ;
each day a sister-lamb is serv'd,
at the glutton's table carv'd ;
crashing bones he grinds for food,
flakes his thirst with streaming blood.
Who, who the cruel mind detests,
lodges but in gentle breasts,

Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
The savage hunger'd for the feast ;
But (as we find in human race,
A mask conceals the villain's face)
Justice must authorize the treat ;
'Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.
As forth he walk'd, in quest of prey,
The hunters met him on the way ;
Fear wings his flight ; the marsh he sought ;
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.
His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling, he grinds his empty jaws ;
Food must be had, and lamb is nigh ;
His maw invokes the fraudulent lie.
Is this (dissembling rage, he cry'd)
'The gentle virtue of a bride ?
'That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,
She sets her husband for the chace ?
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound
'To scent his footsteps on the ground ?
'Thou trait'refs vile ! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood !
So saying, on the lamb he flies,
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

T H E S T O R Y O F L A V I N I A.

By Mr. THOMSON.

Nas the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 l, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day ;
 he ripened field the reapers stand,
 array ; each by the lads he loves,
 the rougher part, and mitigate
 elefs gentle offices her toil.

they stoop and swell the lussy sheaves ;
 vro' their chearful band the rural talk,
 al scandal, and the rural jest,
 nlefs, to deceive the tedious time,
 al unfelt the sultry hours away.
 the master walks, builds up the shocks ;
 isfious, glancing oft on every side
 d eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 aners spread around, and here and there,
 ter spike, their scanty harvest pick.
 oo narrow, husbandmen ! but fling
 e full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 eral handful. Think, oh grateful think !
 od the God of Harvest is to you ;
 urs abundance o'er your flowing fields ;

While

While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;
And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth.
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale ;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride :
Almost on nature's common bounty fed ;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves ; untain'd, and
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers.

Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self.
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods,
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich ;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.

He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown .
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field :
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

" What pity ! that so delicate a form,
 " By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 " And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 " Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 " Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
 " Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind
 " Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 " From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
 " Now to the dust gone down ; his house, lands,
 " And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
 " 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 " Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 " Far from those scenes which knew their better day

is aged widow and his daughter live,
 'hom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 omantic wish! would this the daughter were!—
 'hen, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 ountiful Acasto; who can speak
 : mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
 thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 n blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
 l as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 e, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 fus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,
 rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 hus Palemon, passionate, and just,
 r'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
 he, whom my restless gratitude has sought
 o long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
 'he softened image of my noble friend;
 alive his every look, his every feature,
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring?
 'Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
 n what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 'The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
 nto such beauty spread, and blown so fair;

" Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 " Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years,
 " O let me now, into a richer soil,
 " Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and show'rs
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
 " And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
 " Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 " Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 " The father of a country, thus to pick
 " The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy,
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee
 Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Wen by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,

, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 early moments for Lavinia's fate;
 d, and scarce believing what she heard,
 iz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 ing life shone on her evening-hours:
 fs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
 flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 nerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 ood, the grace of all the country round.

I A D V I C E

A D V I C E T O A L A D Y.

By the Honourable Mr. N——.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear;
Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
But greater yours, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue:
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,
When most you tyrannize you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair:
For this the toilet ev'ry thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,
And each instructive feature has its rule;

And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,
 Not to disgrace the partial boon of heav'n ?
 How few with all their pride of form can move ?
 How few are lovely, that were made for love ?
 Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
 An elegance of mind as well as dress ;
 Be that your ornament, and know to please
 Thy grateful nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence,
 But wisely rest content with modest sense ;
 Or wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
 Too strong for feeble women to sustain ;
 Of those who claim it, more than half have none,
 And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
 Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts ;
 For you the plainest is the wisest rule,
 Cunning Woman is a Knavish Fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
 Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
 Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
 At ministers, because they wish their place.
 Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
 Without all beauty, and all peace within :
 The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
 Her ugliness in its most frightful form :

Fiercely it stands defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great
A woman's noblest station is retreat ;
Her fairest virtues fly from public fight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light

To rougher man ambition's task resign :
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
'To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move
'Th' important business of your life is love :
To this great point direct your constant aim
'This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd
With caution chuse ; but then be fondly kind
The selfish heart, that but by halves is giv'
Shall find no place in love's delightful heav'
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless,
The virtue of a lover is excess.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain ;
Short is the period of insulting pow'r ;
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
Soon will resume the empire which he gave
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
 whose soul, entire by him she loves possess'd,
 and ev'ry vanity in fondness lost,
 asks no pow'r, but that of pleasing most :
 'tis the bliss in just return to prove
 honest warmth of undissembled love ;
 her, inconstant man might cease to range,
 gratitude forbid desire to change.
 It left harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
 roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
 reason teach what passion fain would hide,
 that Hymen's bands by prudence should be ty'd.
 Thus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
 angry fortune on their union frown :
 It will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,
 cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
 In waking to the sense of lasting pain,
 In mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain,
 that fond love, which should afford relief,
 but increase the anguish of their grief ;
 While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
 than the sad knowledge of each other's care.
 Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
 than sell your violated charms for gain ;
 nor wed the wretch whom you despise, or hate,
 the vain glare of useless wealth or state.

The most abandoned prostitutes are they,
Who not to love, but av'rice fall a prey :
Nor aught avails the specious name of Wife ;
A maid so wedded, is a Whore for Life.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heav'
Has equal love, and easy fortune giv'n,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done ;
The prize of happiness must still be won ;
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost ;
The graces might alone his heart allure ;
'They and the virtues meeting must secure.
Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for him, and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow ;
Endearing every common act of life,
'The mistress still shall charm him in the wife !
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone :
Ev'n o'er your cold, and ever-fact'd urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.
'Tis thus, Belinda, I your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love ;
'The task were harder to secure my own
Against the pow'rs of those already known ;

well you twist the secret chains that bind
 the gentle force the captivated mind,
 I'd ev'ry soft attraction to employ,
 the flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy ;
 on your genius, and from you receive
 the rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

A

FAIRY TALE.

By Dr. PARNELL.

IN Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the green ;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Tho' badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above ;
Yet spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
'This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Cou'd ladies look within ;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape cou'd win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

lwin, if right I read my song,
ith slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'was near an old enchanted court,
here sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

is heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'was late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
ith weary steps he quits the shades,
esolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

at scant he lays him on the floor,
'hen hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling, rocks the ground:
nd, well I ween to count aright,
t once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

ow sounding tongues assail his ear,
ow sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase:
nd from the corner where he lay
e sees a train profusely gay
Come pranking o'er the place.

But

But (trust me Gentles!) never ye
 Was dight a masquing half so neat,
 Or half so rich before :
 'The country lent the sweet perfumes,
 'The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
 'The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant dress,
 In flaunting robes above the rest,
 With awful accent cry'd ;
 What mortal of a wretched mind,
 Whole sighs infect the balmy wind,
 Has here presum'd to hide ?

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
 No fears of magic art controul,
 Advanc'd in open sight ;
 " Nor have I cause of deed, he said,
 " Who view by no presumption led
 " Your revels of the night.

" 'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
 " Which made my sleep unweeting rove,
 " Amid the nightly dew."
 'Tis well the gallant cries again,
 We fairies never injure men
 Who dare to tell us true.

salt thy love-dejected heart,
 : mine the task, or ere we part,
 To make thee grief resign ;
 ow take the pleasure of thy chaunce ;
 'hilst I with Mab, my part'ner, daunces,
 Be little Mable thine.

e spoke, and all a sudden there
 ght music floats in wanton air ;
 The monarch leads the queen :
 he rest their fairie part'ners found :
 nd Mable trimly tript the ground
 With Edwin of the green.

he dauncing past, the board was laid,
 nd siker such a feast was made
 As heart and lip desire,
 ithouten hands the dishes fly,
 he glasses with a wish come nigh,
 And with a wish retire.

ut now to please the fairie king,
 ull ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
 And antic feats devise ;
 ome wind and tumble like an ape,
 and other-some transmute their shapē
 In Edwin's wond'ring eyes,

Till one at last that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has hent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
'To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, " Reverse my charm, he cries,
" And let it fairly now suffice
" The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
Content thee Edwin for a while,
'The vantage is thine own.

Here ended all the phantom-play;
'They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clap'd the door, and whistled loud,
' To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers dye;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
Thro' all the land before.

As soon as dan Apollo rose,
 All jolly creature home he goes,
 He feels his back the less ;
 His honest tongue and steady mind
 Had rid him of the lump behind,
 Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
 He seems a dauncing as he walks,
 His story soon took wind ;
 And beauteous Edith sees the youth,
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
 Without a bunch behind.

He story told, Sir Topas mov'd,
 He youth of Edith erst approv'd,
 To see the revel scene :
 At close of eve he leaves his home,
 And wends to find the ruin'd dome
 All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
 The wind came rustling down a dell,
 A shaking seiz'd the wall :
 Up sprung the tapers as before,
 The fairies bragly foot the floor,
 And music fills the hall.

But certes forely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the Elphin shew,
His spirits in him dy :
When Oberon crys, " a man is near,
" A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
" Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth !
In accents falt'ring, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt ;
For als he been a mifter wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
To tread the circled haunt ;

" Ah Lofell vile, at once they roar ;
" And little skill'd of fairie lore,
" Thy cause to come, we know :
" Now has thy kestrell courage sell ;
" And fairies, since a lye you tell ;
" Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The captive upward flung ;
There like a tortoise in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

revel now proceeds apace,
ly they frisk it o'er the place,
They fit, they drink, and eat ;
time with frolic mirth beguile,
poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
'Till all the rout retreat.

his the stars began to wink,
y shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down ydrops the knight.
never spell by fairie laid
h strong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

l, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er :
wot ye well his harder lot ?
feely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

: tale a Sybil-nurse ared ;
softly stroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
'hus some are born, my son, she cries,
With base impediments to rise,
" And some are born with none.

" But

- “ But virtue can itself advance
“ To what the fav’rite fools of chance
“ By fortune seem’d design’d :
“ Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
“ And from itself shake off the weight
“ Upon th’ unworthy mind.”

A N I G H T - P I E C E O N D E .

By the Same.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er :
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.
How deep yon azure dies the sky !
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lye,
While thro' their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,

There once again the spangled show
 Descends to meet our eyes below.
 The grounds which on the right aspire,
 And dimness from the view retire :
 The left presents a place of graves,
 Whose wall the silent water laves.
 That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
 Among the livid gleams of night.
 Here pass with melancholy state,
 By all the solemn heaps of fate,
 And think, as softly-fad you tread
 Above the venerable dead,
 Time was, like thee they life possess'd,
 And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

Those graves, with bending osier bound,
 That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
 Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
 Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
 The chissel's slender help to fame,
 Which ere our set of friends decay
 Their frequent steps may wear away ;)
 A middle race of mortals own,
 Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
 The marble tombs that rise on high,
 Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,

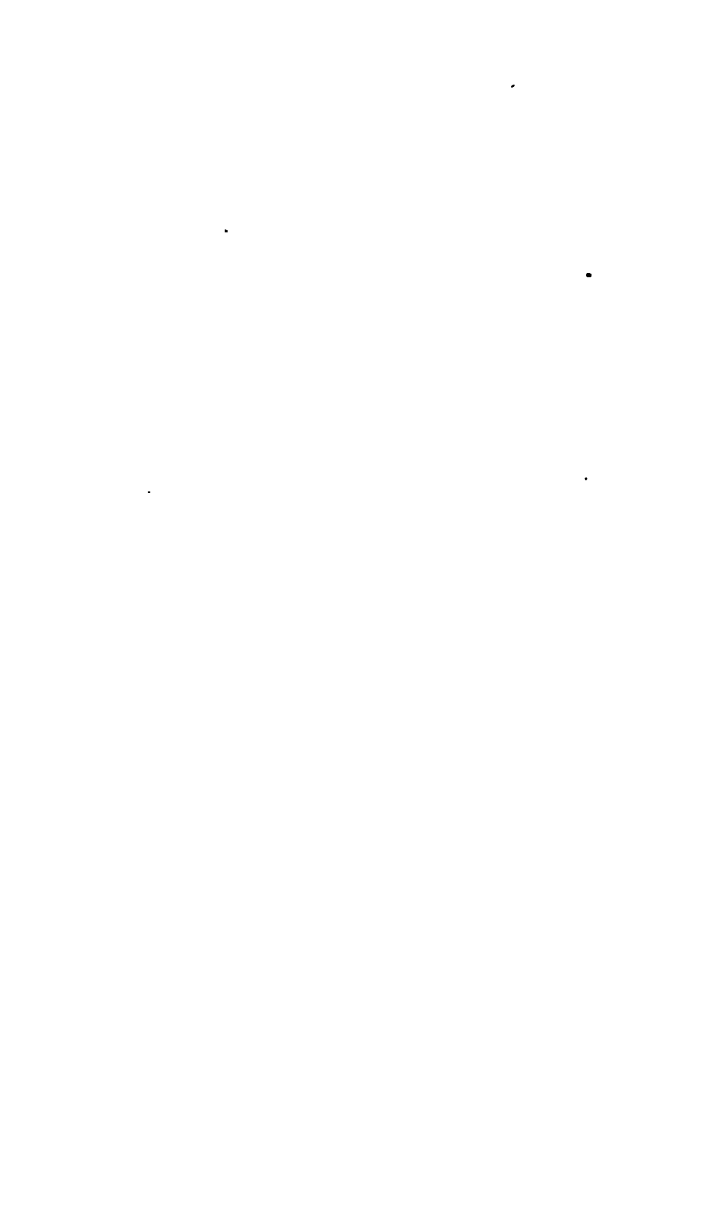
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great ;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha ! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades !
All slow, and wan, and wrapt with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crouds,
And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin ;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I !
They view me like the last of things ;
They make, and then they dread my flings,
Fools ! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.

th's but a path that must be trod,
nan would ever pass to God :
ort of calms, a state of ease
n the rough rage of swelling seas.
hy then thy flowing sable stoles,
p pendent cypress, mourning poles,
e scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
g palls, drawn herbes, cover'd steeds,
plumes of black, that as they tread,
o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead ?
or can the parted body know,
wants the soul, these forms of woe :
ien who long in prison dwell,
i lamps that glimmer round the cell,
n-e'er their suff'ring years are run,
ig forth to greet the glitt'ring sun :
joy, tho' far transcending sense,
e pious souls at parting hence.
earth, and in the body plac'd,
w, and evil, years they waste :
when their chains are cast aside,
he glad scene unfolding wide,
the glad wing, and tow'r away,
mingle with the blaze of day.



P O E M S .

F O R

Y O U N G L A D I E S .



P A R T III.

E N T E R T A I N I N G .



he Parting of HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

From Homer's Iliad, Book VI.

Translated by Mr. POPE.

HE said, and past with sad prefaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part ;
: home he fought her, but he fought in vain :
e, with one maid of all her menial train,
ad thence retir'd ; and with her second joy,
he young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
nsive she flood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
held the war, and sicken'd at the sight ;

There her sad eyes in vain her Lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
Her parting step ? If to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons made resort ;
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court ?
Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)
Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane :
To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way,
'To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword ;
She heard, and trembled for her absent Lord ;
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay ;
Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,
Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state ;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir :
(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide extended shade)

The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest,
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream;
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run?
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh grant me, Gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!

So shall my days in one sad tenour run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.

No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike fire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;
'Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd
'The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's filvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell:
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed;
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's filvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

Yet while my Hector still survives; I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.

My wife, thy infant, in thy danger share :
I prove a husband's and a father's care !
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Here yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy :
You, from this tow'r defend th' important post ;
Where Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Perceive our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n,
That others in the field their arms employ,
That slay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.
The chief reply'd : That post shall be my care,
Or that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the
ground,
Taint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame ?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattl'd plains :
That me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates ;
How my heart trembles while my tongue relates !)

The

The day when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore ;
As thine, Andromache ! thy griefs I dread ;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led !
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine !
'To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife !
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
'The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name !
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay !
Thy Hector wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

The Death of Dido, from Virgil's Eneid, B. IV.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN.

TWAS dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose :
The winds no longer whisper thro' the woods,
Or murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order mov'd around,
And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the
ground.

The flocks and herds, and particolour'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy pool ;
Stretch'd on the quiet earth securely lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of nature's common gift partake ;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor sleep or ease the furious queen can find.
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind ;
Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart :
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.
Then thus she said within her secret mind :
What shall I do, what succour can I find !
Become a suppliant to Hiarba's pride,
And take my turn, to court and be deny'd !

Shall

Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forfake an empire, and attend a foe ?
Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd ;
'Tis true ; but am I sure to be receiv'd ?
Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place ?
Laomedon still lives in all his race !
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
And with my fleet their flying sails pursue ?
What force have I but those, whom scarce before
I drew reluctant from their native shore ?
Will they again embark at my desire,
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre ?
Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind ;
Or seconded too well, what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
Had I continu'd free, and still my own ;
Avoiding love, I had not found despair :
But shar'd with savage beasts the common air.
Like them a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast ;
On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night ;
And order'd all things for his early flight.

To whom once more the winged God appears :
 Is former youthful mien and shape he wears,
 And with this new alarm invades his ears.
 Sep'st thou, O Goddess-born ! and canst thou drown
 Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town ?
 Beset with foes : nor hear'st the western gales
 Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails ?
 The harbours in her heart a furious hate ;
 And thou shalt find the dire effects too late ;
 Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die :
 Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.
 The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
 And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
 Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies ;
 And sail before the purple morn arise.
 Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring ?
 Woman's a various and a changeful thing.
 Thus *Hermes* in the dream ; then took his flight,
 Lost in air unseen ; and mix'd with night.
 Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
 The pious prince arose with hasty fear :
 Then rowz'd his drowsy train without delay,
 Haste to your barks ; your crooked anchors weigh ?
 And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea.
 God commands ; he stood before my sight ;
 And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.

• O sacred

O sacred pow'r, what pow'r foe'er thou art,
 To thy bless'd orders I resign my heart :
 Lead thou the way ; protect thy Trojan bands ;
 And prosper the design thy will commands.
 He said, and drawing forth his flaming sword,
 His thund'ring arm divides the many twisted cord :
 An emulating zeal inspires his train ;
 They run, they snatch ; they rush into the main.
 With headlong haste they leave the desert shore,
 And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
 And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread,
 When from a tow'r the queen, with wakeful eyes,
 Saw day point upward from the rosy skies :
 She look'd to seaward, but the sea was void,
 And scarce in ken the sailing ships descry'd :
 Stung with despight, and furious with despair,
 She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
 And shall th' ungrateful traitor go, she said ;
 My land forsaken, and my love betray'd ?
 Shall we not arm, not rush from ev'ry street,
 To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd fleet ?
 Haste, haul my gallies out, pursue the foe :
 Bring flaming brands, set sail, and swiftly row.
 What have I said ? Where am I ? Fury turns
 My brain ; and my distemper'd bosom burns.

'hen, when I gave my person and my throne,
 'his hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
 ee now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
 'he pious man, who rushing through the flame,
 'reserv'd his Gods, and to the Phrygian shore
 'he burthen of his feeble father bore !

Should have torn him piece-meal ; strow'd in floods
 'His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods :
 Destroy'd his friends and son : and from the fire
 Have set the reeking boy before the fire.

Events are doubtful, which on battle wait ;
 Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate !
 My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
 Had tofs'd their fires amid the Trojan band :

At once extinguish'd all the faithless name ;
 And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
 Had fall'n upon the pile to mend the fun'ral flame. }

Thou sun, who view'st at once the world below ;

Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow ;

Thou Hecat, hearken from thy dark abodes ;

Ye furies, fiends, and violated Gods ;

All pow'rs invoc'd with Dido's dying breath,

Attend her curses, and avenge her death.

So the fates ordain, and Jove commands,

'h' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,

Yet

Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
 His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose
 Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
 His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
 Let him for succour sue from place to place,
 Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace
 First let him see his friends in battle slain;
 And their untimely fate lament in vain:
 And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease
 On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
 Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;
 But fall untimely, by some hostile hand:

And lie unbury'd on the barren sand.

'These are my pray'rs, and this my dying wish
 And you, my 'Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfil.

Perpetual hate, and mortal wars proclaim,
 Against the prince, the people, and the name
 'These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow
 Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know
 Now, and from hence in ev'ry future age,
 When rage excites your arms, and strenght
 the rage:

Rise some avenger of our Lybian blood,
 With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood
 Our arms, our seas, our shores, oppos'd to them
 And the same hate descend on all our heirs

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
 he means of cutting short her odious days.
 hen to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said,
 or when she left her country, hers was dead)
 o Barce, call my sister ; let her care
 he solemn rites of sacrifice prepare :
 he sheep, and all th' atoneing off'rings bring ;
 prinkling her body from the crystal spring
 ith living drops : then let her come, and thou
 ith sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
 hus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove ;
 nd end the cares of my disastrous love.
 hen cast the Trojan image on the fire ;
 nd as that burns, my passion shall expire.
 The nurse moves onward, with officious care,
 nd all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
 ut furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
 ook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
 ith livid spots distinguish'd was her face,
 ed were her rowling eyes, and discompos'd her pace :
 hastily she gaz'd, with pain she drew her breath,
 nd nature shiver'd at approaching death.
 Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd ;
 nd mounts the fun'ral pile, with furious haste.
 nsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind,
 Not for so dire an enterprize design'd.)

But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
She paus'd, and, with a sigh, the robes embrac'd;
Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last.
Dear pledges of my love, while heav'n so pleas'd,
Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd:
My fatal course is finish'd; and I go
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What cou'd my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore!
Then kiss'd the couch; and must I die, she said;
And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive;
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view;
These boding omens his base flight pursue.
She said, and struck: deep enter'd in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy'd:
Clog'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
Distracted from the fatal sight they fled;
And thro' the town the dismal rumour spread.

First from the frightened court, the yell began,
 Redoubled thence from house to house it ran :
 The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
 Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
 Not less the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,
 Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire,
 The rowling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
 Involv'd the blazing temples of their Gods.
 Her sister hears, and furious with despair,
 She beats her breast, and, rends her yellow hair :
 And calling on Eliza's name aloud,
 Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
 'Twas all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd,
 These fires, this fun'ral pile, these altars rear'd ;
 'Twas all this train of plots contriv'd, said she,
 All only to deceive unhappy me ?
 Which is the worst ? didst thou in death pretend
 To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend !
 Thy summon'd sister, and thy friend had come :
 One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb.
 'Twas I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invoke,
 Not to be present at the fatal stroke ?
 At once thou hast destroyed thyself and me ;
 Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony !
 Ring water, bathe the wound ; while I in death
 Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying breath.

This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste;
And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd:
Her temples chaf'd; and her own garments tore
To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.
Thrice Dido try'd to raise her drooping head,
And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the bed.
'Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light,
But having found it, sicken'd at the sight;
And clos'd her lids at last, in endless night.
'Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
A death so lingering, and so full of pain;
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.
For since she dy'd, not doom'd by heav'n's decree
Or her own crime; but human casualty,
And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,
'The sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
Which Proserpine, and they can only know;
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
Downward the various goddess took her flight;
And drew a thousand colours from the light:
'Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said, I thus devote thee to the dead.
'Thine offering to th' infernal Gods I bear:
'Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair;
The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd in air.

THE STORY OF N A R C I S S U S,
from O V I D.

Translated by Mr. ADDISON.

THUS did the nymph in vain carefs the boy,
 He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
 'hen one fair virgin of the slighted train
 thus pray'd the Gods, provok'd by his disdain,
 Oh may he love like me, and love like me in
 vain!" }

hamnasia pity'd the neglected fair,
 nd with just vengeance answer'd to her pray'r.
 There stands a fountain in a darksom wood,
 or stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
 ntroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
 nsully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
 igh bow'rs of shady trees above it grow,
 nd rising grafs and chearful greens below.
 leas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
 nd over-heated by the morning chace,
 [arcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
 ut whilst within the crystal fount he tries
 'o quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
 or as his own bright image he survey'd,
he fell in love with the fantastic shade;

And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
 Nor knew, fond youth ! it was himself he lov'd.
 The well turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
 The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes ;
 The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
 And hair that round Apollo's head might flow ;
 With all the purple youthfulness of face,
 That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
 By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
 And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
 To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
 Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
 His arms, as often from himself he slips.
 Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
 With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
 What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move ?
 What kindled in thee this unpity'd love ?
 Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
 With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
 Its empty being on thyself relies ;
 Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
 Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food ;
 Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
 At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
 To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.

" You trees, says he, and thou surrounding grove,
 " Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
 " Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
 " A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I ?
 " I, who before me see the charming fair,
 " Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there :
 " In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost :
 " And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
 " Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
 " No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
 " A shallow water hinders my embrace ;
 " And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
 " That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
 " My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
 " Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
 " Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
 " My charms an easy conquest have obtained
 " O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
 " But why should I despair ? I'm sure he burns
 " With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
 " Whene'er I stoop, he offers at a kiss,
 " And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
 " His eyes with pleasure on my face he keeps,
 " He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
 " Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear
 " To utter something which I cannot hear.

“ Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
“ To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
“ It is myself I love, myself I see;
“ The gay delusion is a part of me.
“ I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
“ And my own beauties from the well return.
“ Whom should I court? how utter my complaint
“ Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
“ And too much plenty makes me die for want.
“ How gladly would I from myself remove!
“ And at a distance set the thing I love.
“ My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
“ I wish him absent whom I most desire.
“ And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh
“ In all the pride of blooming youth I die:
“ Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
“ Oh might the visionary youth survive,
“ I should with joy my latest breath resign!
“ But oh! I see his fate involved in mine.”

‘This said, the weeping youth again return’d
To the clear fountain, where again he burn’d;
His tears defac’d the surface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O’er-run with wrinkles, and deform’d with tears

' Ah whither, cries Narcissus, dost thou fly ?

' Let me still feed the flame by which I die ;

' Let me still see, tho' I'm no further blest."

Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast ;

His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,

In such a blush as purple clusters show,

Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine

Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.

The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,

And with a new redoubled passion dies.

As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,

And trickle into drops before the sun,

So melts the youth, and languishes away :

His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,

And none of those attractive charms remain,

To which the slighted echo su'd in vain.

She saw him in his present misery,

Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.

She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,

Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan :

" Ah youth ! belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries ;

" Ah youth ! belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.

" Farewel," says he ; the parting sound scarce fell

From his faint lips, but she reply'd, " Farewel."

Then on th' unwholsom earth he gasping lies,

'Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.

To the cold shades his sitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad echo answers in her turn;
And now the sister nymphs prepare his urn:
When, looking for his corps, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

The Story of CEYX and ALCYONE,
from OVID.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN.

TH E S E prodigies affect the pious prince;
But more perplex'd with those that happen'd
since,

He purposes to seek the Clarian God,
Avoiding Delphi, his more fam'd abode,
Since Phrygian robbers made unsafe the road.
Yet could he not from her he lov'd so well,
The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal;
But when she saw her Lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran shiv'ring to her heart;
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new.
She thrice essay'd to speak; her accents hung,
And falt'ring dy'd unfinish'd on her tongue.

Or vanish'd into fighs : with long delay
Her voice return'd and found the wonted way.

Tell me, my Lord, she said, what fault unknown
Thy once belov'd Alcyonè has done ?

Whither, ah, whither, is thy kindness gone !

Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,

And unconcern'd forsake the sweets of life ?

What can thy mind to this long journey move ?

Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love ?

Yet if thou go'st by land, tho' grief possess

My soul ev'n then, my fears will be the less.

But ah ! be warn'd to shun the watry way,

The face is frightful of the stormy sea :

For late I saw a-drift disjointed planks,

And empty tombs erected on the banks.

Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,

Because my fire in caves constrains the wind,

Can with a breath their clam'rous rage appease,

They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas :

Not so ; for once indulg'd, they sweep the main ;

Deaf to the call, or hearing, hear in vain ;

But bent on mischief bear the waves before,

And not content with seas, insult the shore,

When ocean, air, and earth at once engage,

And rooted forests fly before their rage :

At once the clashing clouds to battle mov'
And lightnings run across the fields abov'
I know them well, and mark'd their rud'
While yet a child within my father's cov'
In times of tempests they command alone
And he but sits precarious on the throne
The more I know, the more my fears ar'
And fears are oft prophetic of th' event.
But if not fears, or reasons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to fail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal share
And present, what I suffer only fear:
'Then o'er the bounding billows shall we
Secure to live together, or to die.

These reasons mov'd her flarlike husba
But still he held his purpose to depart:
For as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He would not to the seas expose his wife
Nor could he wrought his voyage to retr'
But fought by arguments to sooth her
Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on
With which so difficult a cause he won:
My love, so short an absence cease to se
For by my father's holy flame I swear,

Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If heav'n allow me life, I will return.

This promise of so short a stay prevails ;
He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
And gives the word to lanch ; she trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews :
Last with a kiss she took a long farewell,
Sigh'd with a sad presage, and swooning fell :
While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew. }

The queen recover'd, rears her humid eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies,
Shaking his hand at distance on the main ;
She took the sign, and shook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, contracts her view
With sharpen'd sight, 'till she no longer knew
The much-lov'd face ; that comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes :
The galley borne from view by rising gales,
She follow'd with her sight the flying sails :
When ev'n the flying sails were seen no more,
Forsaken of all sight she left the shore.

Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her wearied eyes to close :

Her

Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former smart.

And now a breeze from shore began to blow,
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row ;
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales :
By this the vessel half her course had run ;
And as much rested 'till the rising sun ;
Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close
Of day a stiffer gale at east arose :
The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, first denounce the watry war.

This seen, the master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the top-sail ; let the main-sheet fly,
And furl your sails : the winds repel the sound,
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drown'd.
Yet of their own accord, as danger taught
Each in his way, officiously they wrought :
Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides,
Another bolder yet the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails ; a fourth with labour laves
Th' intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.

In this confusion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the sky,
And wage intestine wars ; the suff'ring seas
Are toss'd, and mingled, as their tyrants please.

The master would command, but in despair
Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care ;
Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows :
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill ;
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill ;
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling shrowds ;
Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds :
At once from east to west, from pole ~~to~~ pole,
The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunders roll.

Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,
And in the fires above the water fries :
When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden show :
And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take :
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
And change their colour, changing their disease,
Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds :
And now sublime, she rides upon the winds ;
As from a lofty summit looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether sky ;
Now from the depth of hell they lift their fight,
And at a distance see superior light ;
The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as batt'ring rams a fort :

Or as a lion bounding in his way,
With force augmented, bears against his prey.
Sidelong to seize ; or unappall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear :
So seas impell'd by winds, with added pow'r
Assault the sides, and o'er the hatches tow'r.

The planks (their pitchy cov'rings wash'd away)
Now yield ; and now a yawning breach display :
The roaring waters with a hostile tide
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side.
Meantime in sheets of rain the sky descends,
And ocean swell'd with waters upwards tends ;
One rising, falling one, the heav'ns and sea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way :
The sails are drunk with show'rs, and drop with rain
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No star appears to lend his friendly light ;
Darkness and tempest make a double night ;
But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns,
And while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.

Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite ;
And as a soldier foremost in the fight,
Makes way for others, and an host alone
Still presses on, and urging gains the town ;
So while th' invading billows come a-breast,
The hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,

Sweet

Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
 And from the walls descends upon the prey ;
 Part following enter, part remain without,
 With envy hear their fellows conqu'ring shout,
 And mount on others backs, in hopes to share
 The city, thus become the seat of war.

An universal cry resounds aloud,
 The sailors run in heaps, a helpless croud ;
 Art fails, and courage falls, no succour near ;
 As many waves, as many deaths appear.
 One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief ;
 One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief,
 But stupid with dry eyes expects his fate :
 One with loud shrieks laments his lost estate,
 And calls those happy whom their fun'erals wait. }
 This wretch with pray'rs and vows the Gods implores,
 And ev'n the skies he cannot see, adores.
 That other on his friends his thoughts bestows,
 His careful father, and his faithful spouse.
 The covetous worldling in his anxious mind,
 Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.

All Ceyx his Alcyonè employs,
 For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys ;
 His wife he wishes, and would still be near,
 Not her with him, but wishes him with her :

Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,
Which fate has destin'd him to see no more ;
He fought, but in the dark tempestuous night
He knew not whither to direct his sight.
So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky
That the black night receives a deeper dye.

The giddy ship ran round ; the tempest tore
Her mast, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts, and with a scornful brow
Proud of her conquest gain'd, insults the waves,
Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore
Pindus and Athos with the freight they bore,
And toss'd on seas ; press'd with the pond'rous
Down sinks the ship within the abyss below :
Down with the vessel sink into the main
The many, never more to rise again.

Some few on scatter'd planks with fruitless car
Lay hold, and swim ; but while they swim des

Ev'n he who late a scepter did command,
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand :
And while he struggles on the stormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain.
But yet his comfort is his greatest care,
Alcyonè he names amidst his pray'r ;
Names as a charm against the waves and wind
Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind.

'Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
 'rom pray'rs to wishes he descends at last;
 'hat his dead body, wafted to the sands,
 'ight have its burial from her friendly hands.
 As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
 And peep above the seas, he names the fair :
 And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
 Murm'ring Alcyonè below the waves :
 At last a falling billow stops his breath,
 Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.
 Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
 That night, his heav'nly form obscur'd with tears,
 And since he was forbid to leave the skies,
 He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.

Mean-time Alcyonè (his fate unknown)
 Computes how many nights he had been gone.
 Observes the waning moon with hourly view,
 Numbers her age, and wishes for a new ;
 Against the promis'd time provides with care,
 And hastens in the woof the robes he was to wear :
 And for herself employs another loom,
 New-dress'd to meet her Lord returning home,
 'latt'ring her heart with joys, that never were to come :
 She fum'd the temples with an od'rous flame,
 And oft before the sacred altars came,
 To pray for him, who was an empty name.

All pow'rs implor'd, but far above the rest
To Juno she her pious vows address'd,
Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect :
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct :
Then pray'd, that she might still possess his heart,
And no pretending rival share a part ;
This last petition heard of all her pray'r,
The rest, dispers'd by winds, were lost in air.

But she, the goddess of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Resolv'd the tainted hand should be repell'd,
Which incense offer'd, and her altar held :
'Then Iris thus bespoke ; thou faithful maid,
By whom thy queen's commands are well convey'd,
Haste to the house of sleep, and bid the God
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure, and in form
Resembling him who perish'd in the storm :
This form before Alcyonè present,
To make her certain of the sad event.

Indu'd with robes of various hue she flies,
And flying draws an arch, (a segment of the skies :)
'Then leaves her bending bow, and from the steep
Descends, to search the silent house of sleep.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of OVID.

By Dean SWIFT.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
 The saints would often leave their cells,
 And strolc about, but hide their quality,
 To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,
 As authors of the legend write,
 Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
 Taking their tour in masquerade,
 Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
 To a small village down in Kent ;
 Where, in the stroller's canting strain,
 They begg'd from door to door in vain,
 Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win ;
 But not a soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring saints in woeful state,
 Treated at this ungodly rate,
 Having through all the village pass'd,
 To a small cottage came at last ;
 Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
 Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon,
 Who kindly did these saints invite
 In his poor hut to pass the night ;

And then the hospitable fire
 Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
 While he from out the chimney took
 A fitch of bacon off the hook,
 And freely from the fattest side
 Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
 Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
 And saw it fairly twice go round;
 Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
 As if they had not touch'd a drop.
 The good old couple were amaz'd,
 And often on each other gaz'd;
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,
 And just began to cry,—What ar't!
 Then softly turn'd aside to view
 Whether the lights were burning blue.
 The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
 Told them their calling, and **their** errant;
 Good folks, you need not be **afraid**,
 We are but saints, the hermits **aid**;
 No hurt shall come to you **or** yours:
 But for that pack of churlish boors,
 Not fit to live on christian ground,
They and their houses shall **be** drown'd;

Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.
They scarce had spoke: when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joint,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:

In vain; for a superior force
Apply'd at bottom stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slow'r.
The flyer, though 't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't;
But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.

The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side :
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone ;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd ;
And still its love to household cares
By a shrill voice at noon declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat, which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall ;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,
'To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little children in the wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter ;
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews ;
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd 'em thanks in homely style ;
Then said, my house is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine :
I'm old, and fain would live at ease ;
Make me the parson, if you please.

He spoke ; and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels ;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve ;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue ;
But, being old, continued just
As thread bare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tythes and dues ;
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news ;

Knew how to preach old sermons next,
 Vamp'd in the preface and the text ;
 At christ'nings well could act his part,
 And had the service all by heart ;
 Wish'd women might have children fast,
 And thought whose sow had farrow'd last ;
 Against Dissenters would repine,
 And stood up firm for Right Divine ;
 Found his head fill'd with many a system :
 But classic authors,—he ne'er mist'd 'em.

Thus having, furbish'd up a parson,
 Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
 Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
 Good pinnets edg'd with colberteen ;
 Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
 Became black fatten slounc'd with lace.
 Plain goody would no longer down ;
 'Twas madam, in her program gown.
 Philemon was in great surprize,
 And hardly could believe his eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim ;
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
 Were several years this man and wife ;
 When on a day which prov'd their last,
Discouraging o'er old stories past,

They went by chance amidst their talk
To the church-yard to take a walk ;
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
My dear, I see your forehead sprout !
Sprout ! quoth the man ; what's this you tell us ?
I hope you don't believe me jealous :
But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
And really yours is budding too——
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot ;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my muse ;
In short, they both were turn'd to yews.

Old Goodman Dobson of the green ;
Remembers he the trees has seen ;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to shew the sight ;
On Sundays, after ev'ning pray'r,
He gathers all the parish there ;
Points out the place of either yew ;
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew :
Till once a parson of our town
To mend his barn cut Baucis down ;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted ;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

The Story of TERIBAZUS and ARIANA.

By Mr. GLOVER.

A MID the van of Persia was a youth
Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden stores,
Not for wide pastures, travers'd o'er with herds,
With bleating thousands, or with bounding steeds,
Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honours fam'd.
Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine,
And through the paths of science had he walk'd
The votary of wisdom. In the years,
When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
Of Zoroastres; then his tow'ring soul
High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd,
And from the lofty Babylonian fane
With learn'd Chaldæans trac'd the mystic sphere;
There number'd o'er the vivid fires, that gleam
Upon the dusky bosom of the night,
Nor on the sands of Ganges were unheard
The Indian sages from sequester'd bow'rs;
While, as attention wonder'd, they disclos'd
The pow'rs of nature; whether in the woods,
The fruitful glebe, or flow'r, or healing plant,
The limpid waters, or the ambient air,

Or in the purer element of fire.

The fertile plains, where great Sesostris reign'd,
Mysterious Ægypt, next the youth survey'd
From Elephantis, where impetuous Nile
Precipitates his waters, to the sea,
Which far below receives the sev'nfold stream.
Thence o'er th' Ionic coast he stray'd, nor pass'd
Milétus by, which once inraptur'd heard
The tongue of Thales ; nor Priene's walls,
Where wisdom dwelt with Bias ; nor the seat
Of Pittacus along the Lesbian shore.

Here too melodious numbers charm'd his ear,
Which flow'd from Orpheus, and Musæus old,
And thee, O father of immortal verse,
Mæonides, whose strains through ev'ry age
Time with his own eternal lip shall sing.
Back to his native Susa then he turn'd
His wandring steps. His merit soon was dear
To Hyperanthes generous and good.

And Ariana, from Darius sprung
With Hyperanthes, of th' imperial race,
Which rul'd th' extent of Asia, in disdain
Of all her greatness oft an humble ear
To him would bend, and listen to his voice.

Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd
Admiring. Soon was admiration chang'd

To love, nor lov'd he sooner, than despair'd,
 But unreveal'd and silent was his pain;
 Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
 Nor shun'd resort: but o'er his sorrows cast
 A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
 Conceal'd his anguish; while the secret flame
 Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd:
 His heart still brooding o'er these mournful thoughts

Can I, O wisdom, seek relief from thee,
 Who dost approve my passion? From the pow'r
 Of beauty only thou wouldst guard my heart.
 But here thyself art charm'd, where softness, grace
 And ev'ry virtue dignify desire;
 Yet thus to love despairing is to prove
 The sharpest sorrow, which relentless fate
 Can from her store of woes inflict on life:
 But dost not thou this moment warn my soul
 To fly the fatal charmer? Do I pause?
 Back to the wise Chaldeans will I go,
 Or wander on the Ganges; where to heav'n
 With thee my elevated soul shall tower,
 With thee the secrets of the earth unveil.
 There no tumultuous passion shall molest
 My tranquil hours, and ev'ry thought be calm.
 O wretched Teribazus! all conspires
 Against thy peace. Our mighty lord prepares

o overwhelm the Grecians. Ev'ry youth
tends the war, and I, who late have pois'd
With no inglorious arm the soldier's lance,
and near the side of Myperanthes fought,
must join the throng: How therefore can I fly
from Ariana! who with Asia's queens
the splendid camp of Xerxes will adorn.
Then be it so. Again I will adore
your gentle virtue. Her delightful tongue,
your graceful sweetness shall again diffuse
fittless magic through my ravish'd heart;
and thus when love, with double rage inflam'd,
rells to distraction in my tortur'd breast,
then—but in vain through darkness do I search
your fate: despair and fortune be my guides.
The hour arriv'd, when Xerxes first advanced
his arms from Susa's gates. The Persian dames
who were accusom'd all the eastern fair)
in sumptuous cars accompanied his march;
and Ariana grac'd the beauteous train.
From morn till ev'ning Teribazus guards
her passing wheels; his arm her weight sustains
With trembling pleasure often, as she mounts
her imperial chariot; his assiduous hand
from each pure fountain wafts the living flood:
for seldom by the fair one's soft command

Would

Would he repose him, at her feet reclin'd
While o'er his lips her lovely forehead bow
Won with his grateful eloquence, that soo
With sweet variety the tedious march,
Beguiling time. He too would then forget
His cares awhile, in raptures vain intranc
Delusion all, and fleeting rays of joy,
Soon overcast with more intense despair ;
Like wintry clouds, which op'ning for a t
Tinge their black skirts with scatter'd bea
Then, swiftly closing, on the brows of m
Condense their horrors, and in thickest gl
'The ruddy beauty veil. Such woes oppre
The Persian's heart, not soften'd ; for thi
His daring valour from the bleeding war
Oppos'd the frown of adamantine Mars.
With no tiara were his temples bound,
The slender lance of Asia he disdain'd,
And her light target. Eminent he mov'd

eneath his might two bold Phliasians died,
 and three Tegéans, whose indignant chief,
 rave Hegesander, vengeance breath'd in vain,
 With streaming wounds repuls'd. Thus far unmatched
 his strength prevail'd, when Hyperanthes' voice
 recall'd his fainting legions. Now each band
 'heir languid courage reinforc'd with rest.
 Iean time with Teribazus thus confer'd
 'he godlike prince. Thou much deserving youth !
 'had thy deeds with emulation warm'd
 'he frozen hearts of Persia, Greece had wept
 her prostrate ranks, not triumph'd in our shame.
 elaxing now the wearied fight, I wait,
 'ill from the camp with Abradates strong
 'he brave Pharnuchus and Mazæus move,
 and with fresh pow'rs renew the drooping war.
 or since surpass'd in valour, we must waste
 y endless numbers, and continual toil,
 'he matchless ardour of our gallant foes.

He said. Immers'd in sadness, scarce replied,
 ut to himself thus plain'd the am'rous youth.

Still do I languish, mourning o'er the fame,
 My arm acquires. O wretched heart ! thou seat
 of constant sorrow, what deceitful smiles
 'et canst thou borrow from illusive hope
 'o flatter life. At Ariana's feet

What if with supplicating knees I bow'd,
 Implor'd her pity, and reveal'd my love?
 Wretch, canst thou climb to yon effulgent orb,
 And share the splendors, which irradiate heav'n
 Dost thou aspire to that exalted maid,
 Great Xerxes' sister, rivalling the hopes
 Of Asia's purpled potentates and kings?
 Unless within her bosom I inspir'd
 A passion fervent as my own, nay more,
 Such as might dissipate each virgin fear,
 And unrestrain'd disclose its fond desire,
 My hopes are fruitless. Plung'd in black despair
 He thus revolv'd, when suddenly the cries
 Of Aribazus smote his pensive ear.
 By mutual danger, and by friendship join'd,
 'They had been long companions in the toils
 Of war. 'Together with victorious steps
 'The sons of Nile they chac'd, when Egypt's f
 Before the arms of Hyperanthes fell.
 Stretch'd on the plain, and cover'd o'er with w
 By all abandon'd, Teribazus views
 His gallant friend. His languid soul awakes,
 And forth he issues from the Persian line.
 'The bleeding warrior in his strong embrace
 Swift he conveys. By indignation fir'd,
Pierce from the Grecians Diophantus rush'd

ud defiance. Teribazus leaves
 u'd friend. His massy targe he rears,
 es high his formidable spear,
 ns intrepid on th' approaching foe.
 nent follow'd. On he strode, and shook
 med honours of his shining crest.
 fated Greek awaits th' unequal fight;
 n the throat, with sounding arms he falls;
 n ev'ry band the Mantinéans mourn.
 ie slain the victor fix'd his fight,
 s reflected. By thy splendid arms
 t a Greek of no ignoble rank,
 m thy fall perhaps am I adorn'd
 ore conspicuous lustre. What if heav'n
 add new victims, like thyself, to grace
 eserving hand, who knows but she
 nile upon my trophies. Oh! vain thought!
 ye phantome hopes! too long, my heart,
 u in vain contended with thy woes!
 his moment on the verge of life,
 invited, by despair impell'd
 th' irremeable bound. No more
 ribazus backward turn his steps,
 decide his fate. Then beat no more,
 ubled heart, and ev'ry grief be still
 h' approach of everlasting peace.

He ended, when a mighty foe drew nigh
 Not less than Dithyrambus. Ere they join
 The Persian thus the Thespian youth add:

Say, art not thou th' unconquerable Greek
 Whose dauntless valour mov'd our battle
 And scatter'd nations? To attempt thy foe
 This day I purpos'd, when our chiefs from
 Their host withdrew? That now my friend
 Thou deign'st to meet, receive my thanks;
 The thought of conquest less employs my
 Than that by thee I cannot fall with shame.

He ceas'd. These words the Thespian chief
 Of all the praises from thy gen'rous mouth
 The only share, which justice bids me claim
 Is, that I here adventure to confront
 Thy matchless strength. Believe not, that
 Were thy great deeds. From yon unbought
 None yet hath equal'd thy victorious hand
 But whence thy armour of the Grecian foe
 Whence thy tall spear? thy helmet?

weight

Of that strong shield unlike thy eastern friend
 O if thou be'st some fugitive, who, lost
 To liberty and virtue, art become
 A tyrant's vile stipendiary; with grief
 That valour, thus triumphant, I behold.

Which after all its danger, and brave toil,
Deserves no honour from the gods, or men.

Here Teribazus with a sigh return'd.
I am to Greece a stranger, and a wretch
To thee unknown, who seek, this hour, to die ;
Though not ignobly, but in death to raise
My name from darkness, while I end my woes.

The Grecian then. I view thee, and I mourn.
A dignity, which virtue only bears,
And resolution, on thy brow enthron'd
(Though grief hath dim'd thy drooping eye) demand
My veneration ; and whatever be
The malice of thy fortune, what the cares,
Which thus infest thy quiet, they create
Within my breast the pity of a friend :
Why hast thou then compell'd me to oppose
My arm against thee, while thy might supports
Th' unjust ambition of malignant kings,
The foes to virtue, liberty, and peace ?
Yet free from rage, or enmity, I lift
My adverse javelin. Victory I ask,
Thy life may fate for happier hours reserve.

This said, their beaming lances they protend,
Of hostile haste, or fury both devoid ;
As on the Isthmian, or Olympic sand
For fame alone contending. Either host,

Pois'd on their spears, in silent wonder
The fight begins, when soon the Grecia
Which, all the day in constant battle was
Unnumber'd shields and corselets had train
Against the Persian target, shiv'ring, broke
Its master's hand disarming. Then began
The sense of honour, and the dread of shame
'To swell in Dithyrambus. Undismay'd
He grapples with the foe, and instant feels
The threatening javelin, ere th' uplifted arm
Could execute the meditated wound.
The weapon burst betwixt their struggling
They loose their grasp, and bare their shields
With equal swiftness to defend, or charge
Each active youth advances, or recedes.
On ev'ry side they traverse, now direct,
Obliquely now the wheeling blades descend
Still is the conflict dubious, when the C
Dissembling points his falchion to the rear
His arm depress'd, as overcome with toil
While with his buckler cautious he repels
The blows repeated from th' exulting foe
Greece trembles for her hero. Joy pervades
The Asian ranks, and Hyperanthes strides
Before the line, preparing to receive
His friend triumphant. Teribazus now

Press'd with redoubled efforts. Still the Greek
 Sustains th' assault, defensive, and at last,
 As with unguarded fury of his strokes
 Th' unwary Persian sideways swung his targe.
 The fatal moment Dithyrambus watch'd,
 And, darting forward with his feet outstretch'd,
 His falchion buries in th' obnoxious side.
 Affection, grief, and terror wing the speed
 Of Hyperanthes. From his bleeding foe
 The Greek retires, not distant, and awaits
 The eastern prince. But he with wat'ry cheeks,
 And dumb with sorrow, clasps his dying friend,
 From whose cold lip with interrupted phrase
 These accents broke. O dearest, best of men!
 My heart is fruitful with ten thousand thoughts
 Of gratitude and love to thee; but fate
 Denies my voice the utterance. O my friend!
 O Hyperanthes! hear my tongue unfold,
 What thou shouldst ne'er have known before this hour;
 When, as I open all my secret soul,
 I may at once retire, and veil my eyes
 In endless night: nor thou presumption deem,
 What with my dying breath I here divulge.
 I love thy sister. With despair I lov'd,
 And thence perhaps untimely is my date;

Though, witness heav'n, without regret
With honour thus in Persia's fight and th
He ceas'd : th' inexorable hand of fat
Weigh'd down his eyelids, and the gloom
His fleeting fight eternally o'er shades.
Him on Choaspes o'er the blooming verg
His frantic mother shall bewail, and strew
Her silver tresses in the crystal tide ;
While all the shore re-echoes to the name
Of Teribazus lost.

In sable pomp with all her starry train
The night assum'd her throne. Recall'd f
Her long-protracted labours Greece forget
Dissolv'd in silent slumber ; ail but those,
Who watch'd th' uncertain perils of the da
An hundred warriors : Agis was their chi
High on the wall intent the hero sat,
As o'er the surface of the tranquil main
Along its undulating breast the wind
The various din of Asia's host convey'd,
In one deep murmur swelling in his ear :
When, by the sound of footsteps down the
Alarm'd, he calls aloud. What feet are th
Which beat the cchoing pavement of the
With speed reply, nor tempt your instant f

He said, and thus return'd a voice unknown.

Not with the feet of enemies we come,
But crave admittance with a friendly tongue.

The Spartan answers. Through the midnight shade
 What purpose draws your wand'ring steps abroad ?

To whom the stranger. We are friends to Greece,
 And to the presence of the Spartan king
 Admission we implore. The cautious chief
 Of Lacedæmon hesitates again ;
 When thus with accents musically sweet
 A tender voice his wondring ear allur'd

O Gen'rous Grecian, listen to the pray'r
 Of one distress'd ! whom grief alone hath led
 In this dark hour to these victorious tents,
 A wretched woman innocent of fraud.

The Greek descending through th' unfolded gates
 Upheld a flaming brand. One first appear'd
 In servile garb attir'd ; but near his side
 A woman graceful and majestic stood ;
 Not with an aspect rivalling the pow'r
 Of fatal Hellen, or the wanton charms
 Of love's soft queen ; but such, as far excell'd,
 Whate'er the lily, blending with the rose,
 Paints on the cheek of beauty soon to fade ;
 Such, as express'd a mind, which wisdom rul'd,
 And sweetness temper'd, virtue's purest light
Illumining

Illumining the countenance divine,
Yet could not sooth remorseless fate, nor teach
Malignant fortune to revere the good,
Which oft with anguish rends the spotless heart,
And oft associates wisdom with despair.
In courteous phrase began the chief humane.

Exalted fair, who thus adorn'st the night,
Forbear to blame the vigilance of war,
And to the laws of rigid Mars impute,
That I thus long unwilling have delay'd
Before the great Leonidas to place
This your apparent dignity and worth.

He spake, and gently to the lofty tent
Of Sparta's king the lovely stranger guides.
At Agis' summons with a mantle broad
His mighty limbs Leonidas infolds,
And quits his couch. In wonder he surveys
Th' illustrious virgin, whom his presence aw'd :
Her eye submissive to the ground inclin'd
With veneration of the godlike man.
But soon his voice her anxious dread dispell'd,
Benevolent and hospitable thus.

Thy form alone, thus amiable and great,
Thy mind delineates, and from all commands
Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,
By what relentless destiny compell'd,

Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread.
 Rehearse th' afflictions, whence thy virtue mourns.

On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose,
 Like day's first dawn upon the twilight pale,
 And, wrapt in grief, these words a passage broke.

If to be most unhappy, and to know,
 That hope is irrecoverably fled;
 If to be great and wretched may deserve
 Commiseration from the good ; behold,
 Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,
 Behold descended from Darius' loins
 Th' afflicted Ariana, and my pray'r
 Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain !
 First, that I lov'd the best of human race,
 By nature's hand with ev'ry virtue form'd,
 Heroic, wise, adorn'd with ev'ry art ;
 Of shame unconscious does my heart reveal.
 This day, in Grecian arms conspicuous clad,
 He fought, he fell. A passion long conceal'd
 For me alas ! within my brother's arms
 His dying breath resigning, he disclos'd.
 —Oh I will stay my sorrows ! will forbid
 My eyes to stream before thee, and my heart,
 Thus full of anguish, will from sighs restrain !
 For why should thy humanity be griev'd
 With my distress, and learn from me to mourn

The

The lot of her life, doom'd to care and pain!
 Here rest, O king, and grant my sole request,
 To leave my body in the heaps of slain.

Thus to the Spartan fold the royal maid,
 Peloponnesus' queen in majesty was,
 When, suppliant at Jove's resplendent throne,
 From dreary Hades, and th' infernal gloom,
 Her son's and his Proserpina she sought;
 For thou, O sweeping queen with his fell eyes,
 Lament'st and these tender thoughts record'st.

Such are my fortunes, O for ever dear!
 Who now at Lacedæmon dost deplore
 My everlasting absence from my land
 His name, and sigh'st, nor yet so good to charge
 His name, and sigh'st, nor yet so good to charge
 The Persian power to attack and waste.
 With careful steps they seek her out, and find
 The forest's secret end, where, hid, she reposed,
 Her own fair cheeks no more to view the dawn,
 And from her breast a mass of blood and pain
 Soon drew the worm, by his secret known.
 To Agamemnon's power they're sold,
 Now, Athens, what wilt thou for my sake
 Thy soul's alive, O! What hours did thy heart
 Love grow magnanimous, and a cruel death
 Be cold break of Thyestes' feast.

The grief-distracted maid. The clotted gore
 Deform'd her snowy bosom. O'er his wounds
 Loose flow'd her hair, and, bubbling from her eyes,
 Impetuous sorrow lav'd the purple clay.
 When forth in groans her lamentations broke.

O torn for ever from my weeping eyes !
 Thou, who despairing to obtain her heart,
 Who then most lov'd thee, didst untimely yield.
 Thy life to fate's inevitable dart
 For her, who now in agony unfolds
 Her tender bosom, and repeats her vows
 To thy deaf ear, who fondly to her own
 Now clasps thy breast insensible and cold.
 Alas ! do those unmoving, ghastly orbs
 Perceive my gushing anguish ! Does that heart,
 Which death's inanimating hand hath chill'd,
 Share in my suff'rings, and return my sighs !
 —Oh ! bitter unsurmountable distress !
 Lo ! on thy breast is Ariana bow'd,
 Hangs o'er thy face, unites her cheek to thine
 Not now to listen with enchanted ears
 To thy persuasive eloquence, no more
 Charm'd with the wisdom of thy copious mind !
 She could no more. Invincible despair
 Suppress'd her utterance. As a marble form,
 Fix'd on the solemn sepulcher, unmov'd

O'er some dead hero, whom his country lov'd,
Bends down the head with imitated woe :
So paus'd the princess o'er the breathless clay,
Intranc'd in sorrow. On the dreary wound,
Where Dithyrambus' sword was deepest plung'd,
Mute for a space, and motionless she gaz'd.
Then with a look unchang'd, nor trembling hand
Drew forth a poniard, which her garment veil'd,
And, sheathing in her heart th' abhorred steel,
On her slain lover, silent sinks in death.

M A R R I A G E

M A R R I A G E, a V I S I O N.

By Dr. C O T T O N.

Inscribed to Miss * * * *

FAIREST, this vision is thy due,
I form'd th' instructive plan for you.
Slight not the rules of thoughtful age,
Your welfare actuates every page ;
But ponder well my sacred theme,
And tremble, while you read my dream.

Those awful words, “ 'Till death do part,”
May well alarm the youthful heart :
No after-thought when once a wife ;
The die is cast, and cast for life ;
Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,
As some base passion leads the way.
Pert Silvia talks of wedlock-scenes,
Tho' hardly enter'd on her teens ;
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears ;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her fire and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardless door,
And Love is fled, to come no more.

Some

Some few there are of sordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold ;
Careless with what, or whom they mate,
Their ruling passion's all for state.
But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind :
Such rebels groan beneath his rod,
For Hymen's a vindictive God :
Be joyless ev'ry night, he said,
And barren be their nuptial bed.

Attend, my fair, to wisdom's voice,
A better fate shall crown thy choice.
A martied life, to speak the best,
Is all a lottery contest :
Yet if my fair one will be wise,
I will insure my girl a prize :
'Tho' not a prize to match thy worth,
Perhaps thy equal's not on earth.

'Tis an important point to know,
'There's no perfection here below.
Man's an odd compound, after all,
And ever has been since the fall.
Say, that he loves you from his soul,
Still man is proud nor brooks controul.
And tho' a slave in love's soft school,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.

best, in short, has faults about him,
 how those faults, you must not flout him.

In some, indeed, you can't dispense,
 want of temper, and of sense.

When the sun deserts the skies,
 and the dull winter evenings rise,
 for a husband's social pow'r,
 form the calm, converseive hour;
 treasures of thy breast explore,
 and that rich mine to draw the ore;
 daily each gen'rous thought refine;
 give thy native gold to shine;
 value thee, as really thou art,
 'tis fair, yet fairer still at heart.

But, when life's purple blossoms fade,
 soon they must, thou charming maid;
 when in thy cheeks the roses die,
 sickness clouds that brilliant eye;
 when or age or pains invade,
 those dear limbs shall call for aid;
 thou art fetter'd to a fool,
 canst not his transient passion cool?
 when thy health and beauty end,
 can thy weak mate persist a friend?
 to a man of sense, my dear,
 then thou lovely shalt appear;

He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
And weeping claim the larger part ;
Tho' age impairs that beauteous face,
He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.

In wedlock when the sexes meet,
Friendship is only then compleat.
“ Blest state ! where souls each other draw,
“ Where love is liberty and law !
‘The choicest blessing found below,
That man can wish, or heaven bestow !
Trust me, these raptures are divine,
For lovely Chloe once was mine !
Nor fear the varnish of my stile,
Tho' poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.
Ah me ! my faithful lips impart
‘The genuine language of my heart !

When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lye ;
Perhaps the poor reward of bread——
But who burns incense to the dead !
He, whom a fond affection draws,
Careless of censure, or applause ;
Whose soul is upright and sincere,
With nought to wish, and nought to fear.

Now to my visionary scheme,
Attend, and profit by my dream.

Amidst the slumbers of the night
A stately temple 'rose to fight ;
And ancient as the human race,
If Nature's purposes you trace.
This fane, by all the wise rever'd,
To Wedlock's pow'rful God was rear'd.
Hard by I saw a graceful sage,
His locks were frosted o'er by age ;
His garb was plain, his mind serene,
And wisdom dignify'd his mien.
With curious search his name I sought,
And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite—Thought.

Apace the giddy crowds advance,
And a lewd satyr led the dance ;
I griev'd to see whole thousands run,
For oh ! what thousands are undone !
The sage, when these mad troops he spy'd,
In pity flew to join their side ;
The disconcerted pairs began
To rail against him to a man ;
Vow'd they were strangers to his name,
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.

But mark the sequel—for this truth
Highly concerns impetuous youth :
Long ere the honey moon cou'd wane,
Perdition seiz'd on ev'ry twain ;

At ev'ry house, and all day long,
Repentance ply'd her scorpion thong ;
Disgust was there with frowning mien,
And ev'ry wayward child of spleen.

Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
Attended by a num'rous train :
Love with each soft and nameless grace,
Was first in favour and in place :
'Then came the God with solemn gait,
Whose ev'ry word was big with fate ;
His hand a flaming taper bore,
'That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore :
Virtue, adorn'd with ev'ry charm,
Sustain'd the God's incumbent arm :
Beauty improv'd the glowing scene
With all the roses of eighteen :
Youth led the gayly smiling fair,
His purple pinions wav'd in air :
Wealth, a close hunk, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With vulture-claw, and eagle-eye,
Who threescore years had seen, or more,
('Tis said his coat had seen a score ;)
Proud was the wretch, tho' clad in rags,
Presuming much upon his bags.

A female next her arts display'd,
Poets alone can paint the maid :

Trust me, Hogarth, (tho' great thy fame)
'Twould pose thy skill to draw the same ;
And yet thy mimic pow'r is more
Than ever painter's was before :
Now she was fair as Cygnet's down,
Now as Mat Prior's Emma, brown ;
And changing as the changing flow'r,
Her drefs she varied every hour :
'Twas Fancy, child !—You know the fair,
Who pins your gown, and sets your hair.

Lo! the God mounts his throne of state,
And fits the arbiter of fate :
His head with radiant glories drest,
Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast :
Love took his station on the right,
His quiver beam'd with golden light.
Beauty usurp'd the second place,
Ambitious of distinguish'd grace ;
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
Because related to the boy ;
(Said it was her's to point his dart,
And speed its passage to the heart)
While on the God's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.

And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
And now a thousand heart-strings bleed.

I saw a blooming trembling bride,
A toothless lover join'd her side ;
Averse she turn'd her weeping face,
And shudder'd at the cold embrace.

But various baits their force impart :
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart :
A passion much too foul to name,
Costs supercilious prudes their fame :
Prudes wed to publicans and sinners,
The hungry poet weds for dinners.

'The God with frown indignant view'd
The rabble covetous or lewd ;
By ev'ry vice his altars stain'd,
By ev'ry fool his rites profan'd :
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the croud ;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Desiring to be heard at large.

The God consents, the throng divide,
The young espous'd the plaintiff's side ;
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For age is money's sworn attendant.

Love said, that wedlock was design'd
By gracious heav'n to match the mind ;
To pair the tender and the just,
And his the delegated trust :

That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart ;
But what avails the faithless voice ?
The injur'd heart disdains the choice——

Wealth strait reply'd, that Love was blind,
And talk'd at random of the mind ;
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
And all th' artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at even in romances.
Poets indeed stile love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat :
And love might be delicious fare,
Cou'd we, like poets, live on air.
But grant that angels feast on love,
(Those purer essences above)
Yet Albion's sons, he understood,
Preferr'd a more substantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,
His grey admirers hemm'd applause.

With seeming conquest pert and proud,
Wealth shook his sides and chuckled loud ;
When Fortune, to restrain his pride,
And fond to favour Love beside,
Op'ning the miser's tape-ty'd vest,
Disclos'd the cares which stung his breast :

Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,
And a deep crimson flush'd his face.

Love sweetly simper'd at the sight,
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.
The God, tho' grave his temper, smil'd,
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.
But he who triumphs o'er his brother,
In turn is laugh'd at by another.
Such cruel scores we often find
Repaid the criminal in kind.
For Poverty, that famish'd fiend !
Ambitious of a wealthy friend,
Advanc'd into the miser's place,
And star'd the stripling in the face ;
Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay ;
I thought the chit would swoon away.

The God was studious to employ
His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy :
And therefore issu'd his decree,
That the two parties strait agree.
When both obey'd the God's commands,
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.

What wond'rous change in each was wrought,
Believe me, fair, surpasses thought.
If Love had many charms before,
He now had charms, ten thousand more.

If Wealth had serpents in his breast,
They now were dead, or lull'd to rest.
Beauty, that vain affected thing,
Who join'd the Hymeneal ring,
Approach'd with round unthinking face,
And thus the trifler states her case.
She said, that Love's complaints, 'twas known,
Exactly tally'd with her own ;
That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
And robb'd her of a thousand hearts ;
Desiring judgment against Wealth,
For falsehood, perjury, and stealth :
All which she cou'd on oath depose,
And hop'd the court would slit his nose.
But Hymen, when he heard her name,
Call'd her an interloping dame ;
Look'd thro' the crowd with angry state,
And blam'd the porter at the gate,
For giving entrance to the fair,
When she was no essential there.
To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,
He order'd Fancy to preside.
Hence when debates on beauty rise,
And each bright fair disputes the prize,
To Fancy's court we strait apply,
And wait the sentence of her eye ;
In Beauty's realms she holds the seals,
And her awards preclude appeals.

T H E F A N.

By Mr. GAY. Book I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day,
Not the wide fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
Nor shall the muse in Asian climates rove,
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,
Where stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervor of meridian skies,
While sweating slaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair;
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast.
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Stay, wand'ring muse, nor rove in foreign climes,
To thy own native shore confine thy rhimes.
Assist, ye nine, your loquiest notes employ,
Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy;
Say how this instrument of love began,
And in immortal strains display the fan.

Strepson

Strephon had long confess'd his am'rous pain,
Which gay Corinna rally'd with disdain :
Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair ;
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhim'd, he danc'd :
Now call'd more pow'rful presents to his aid,
And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid ;
Smooth flatt'ry in her softer hours apply'd,
The surest charm to bind the force of pride :
But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
Insults her captive, and derides his flame.
When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,
He sought in solitude to lose his care ;
Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
It serv'd, like music, but to feed his pain.
To Venus now the slighted boy complains,
And calls the goddess in these tender strains.

O potent queen, from Neptune's empire sprung,
Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,
Who 'midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
And curling clouds of incense hide the skies :
O beauteous Goddess, teach me how to move,
Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.

If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes, or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,
Think on the restless fever of thy heart ;
Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain :
By those uneasy minutes know my pain.
Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame ;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame :
Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius, prove,
May Venus dictate, and reward my love.
When crowds of suitors Atalanta try'd,
She wealth, and beauty, wit and fame defy'd ;
Each daring lover with advent'rous pace
Pursu'd his wishes in the dang'rous race ;
Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,
Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus, was thy care,
You taught the swain to slay the flying fair,
Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes,
She swoops ; he rushes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian deity, what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart ;
If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
Teach me what present may suspend her sight.

Thus the desponding youth his flame declares,
The goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the God of love ;
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head ;
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread ;
Here nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs ;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends,
The rugged stone is cloath'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart ;
All share the toil ; while some the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly :
Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel ;
Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
And with the warlike store their quivers fill.

A different toil another forge employs ;
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys,
Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd,
Hence sprung the glitt'ring implements of pride ;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame,
First to these little artists ow'd its frame.

Here an unfinish'd di'mond crosslet lay,
To which soft lovers adoration pay ;
There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
That with quick scents revives the modish spleen :
Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
Which serves the rally'd fop for smart replies ;
There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames ;
Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,
And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground.
There stands the toilette, nursery of charms,
Completely furnish'd with bright beauty's arms ;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flatt'ring glass, and black lead combs.

The toilsome hours in diff'rent labour slide,
Some work the file, and some the graver guide ;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bid Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise ;
A swarm of lab'ers diff'rent tasks attend :
Here pullies make the pond'rous oak ascend.
With echoing strokes the cragged quarry groans,
While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones ;
The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
'Till the proud battlement her tow'rs enclose.

Now Venus mounts her car, she shakes the reins
 and steers her turtles to Cythera's plains ;
 trait to the grott with graceful step she goes,
 her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows :
 'he swelling bellows heave for breath no more,
 all drop their silent hammers on the floor ;
 a deep suspense the mighty labour stands,
 While thus the goddess spoke her mild commands.

Industrious loves, your present toils forbear,
 A more important task demands your care ;
 Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
 My judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
 That glorious bird have ye not often seen
 Who draws the car of the celestial queen ?
 Have ye not oft survey'd his varying dyes,
 His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes ?
 Have ye not seen him in the sunny day
 Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display,
 Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
 And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain ?
 Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art :
 Thin taper sticks must from one center part :
 Let these into the quadrant's form divide,
 The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide ;
 Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
 And make a miniature creation grow.

Let the machine in equal foldings close,
And now its plaited surface wide dispose.
So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the restless toy,
With various play bid grateful zephyrs rise,
While love in ev'ry grateful zephyr flies.

The master Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught designs,
Th' expecting loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart ;
The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire ;
Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,
And sounding hammers break its barbed frame :
Of this, the little pin they neatly mold,
From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold ;
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at just distance the wide ribs extend,
Then on the frame they mount the limber screen,
And finish instantly the new machine.

The goddess, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves ;
With the light fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.

Unhappy

unhappy lovers, how will you withstand,
 if these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?
 ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
 and eyes were artless and the look demure,
 and the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd,
 heaving breasts within the stays repos'd,
 and the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
 black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair;
 in the muff unactive fingers lay,
 taught the fan in fickle forms to play.
 Now are the sex improv'd in am'rous arts,
 new-found snares they bait for human hearts!
 Love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
 breaths disposes, and directs her eyes.
 Her bosom now its panting beauty shows.
 Her experienc'd eye resistless glances throws;
 Her vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
 Strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
 Her fickle head-dress sinks and now aspires
 Her v'ry front of lace on branching wires.
 Her curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
 Around the face in labour'd order grows.

B O O K II.

Olympus' gates unfold; in heav'n's high towers
 are in council all th' immortal powers;

Great Jove above the rest exalted fate,
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate,
His awful eye with ray superior shone,
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne ;
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But see, fair Venus comes in all her state,
The wanton loves and graces round her wait ;
With her loose robe officious zephyrs play,
And strow with odoriferous flowers the way :
In her right hand she waves the flatt'ring fan,
And thus in melting sounds her speech began.

Assembled powers, who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the sea, the skies and earth preside,
Ye fountains whence all human blessings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below ;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with gen'rous wine ;
Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd ;
Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year,
And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.
I first taught woman to subdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dress refin'd :
Celestial synod, this machine survey,
That shades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play ;

If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
With this she veils them from her lover's eyes ;
No levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,
From the fan's ambush she directs the dart.
The royal scepter shines in Juno's hand,
And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command ;
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon shield appears,
And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears :
Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
And the strong bow points out the Cynthian queen ;
Henceforth the waving fan my hands shall grace,
The waving fan supply the scepter's place.

Who shall, ye powers, the forming pencil hold ?
What story shall the wide machine unfold ?
Let loves and graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets crown'd ;
Let Cupid's arrows strow the smiling plains
With unresisting nymphs, and am'rous swains
Lay glowing picture o'er the surface shine,
To melt slow virgins with the warm design.

Diana rose ; with silver crescent crown'd,
And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground ;
Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin said.

Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles ?

Does man against her charms too pow'rful prove,
Or are the sex grown novices in love ?
Why then these arms ? or why should artful eyes,
From this slight ambush, conquer by surprize ?
No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows ;
Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes ?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And trust his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the Gods already cherish'd pride,
And woman with destructive arms supply'd ?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores ;
'The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines :
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm oar is ripen'd into gold ;
Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.
Does not the di'mond sparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair ?
From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet if Venus' wishes must succeed,
And this fantastic engine be decreed,

May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
To speak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's woe.

Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,
Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind,
The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind ;
The perjur'd youth unfurls his treach'rous sails,
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.
Be still, ye winds, she cries, stay, Theseus, stay ;
But faithless Theseus hears no more than they.
All desp'rate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies ;
His leſ'ning vessel plows the foamy main,
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint Dido there amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express :
Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd ;
And gushing blood streams purple from the wound :
Her sister Anna hov'ring o'er her stands,
Accuses heav'n with lifted eyes and hands,
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curses with her broken sighs.
View this, ye maids ; and then each swain believe ;
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.

Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads the fan,
In his true colours view perfidious man ;

Pleas'd with her virgin state in forests rove,
And never trust the dang'rous hopes of love.

The goddess ended. Merry Momus rose,
With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,
'Then with a noisy laugh forestalls his joke ;
Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke.

Rather let heav'nly deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair ;
Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,
And the bright crescent own the Cynthian queen.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,
Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,
On the machine the sage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face ;
See, where she lies near some transparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood :
Her image in the floating glass she spies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes ;
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain
Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain.
With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell,
What, spoil her face ! no. Warbling strains farewell
Shall arts, shall sciences employ the fair ?
Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care.

From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.

Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
 Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame ;
 The God of war within her clinging arms,
 Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
 Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,
 And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear ;
 Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
 Their limbs entangled in a close embrace.
 Let these amours adorn the new machine,
 And female nature on the piece be seen ;
 So shall the fair, as long as fans shall last,
 Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.

B O O K III.

Thus Momus spoke. When sage Minerva rose ;
 From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows,
 Her skilful hand an iv'ry pallet grac'd,
 Where shining colours were in order plac'd.
 As Gods are blest'd with a superior skill,
 And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will,
 Strait she proposes, by her art divine,
 To bid the paint express her great design.
 Th' assembled pow'rs consent. She now began,
 And her creating pencil stain'd the fan.

O'er the fair field, trees spread, and rivers flow,
 Tow'rs rear their heads, and distant mountains grow :

Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face some lively passion reigns.
Thus have I seen woods,, hills, and dales appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air
In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
Through the small circle of a convex glass ;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.

She various fables on the piece design'd,
That spoke the follies of the female kind.

The fate of pride in Niobe she drew :
Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue.
In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood,
Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood ;
Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air :
A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
Whose spacious border golden flow'rs surround :
She made Latonas' altars cease to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her sacred name,
'To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Sev'n daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
Sev'n graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
Were by Latona's double offspring slain.

Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,
 And from his rising steed her first-born threw,
 His op'ning fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
 And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
 Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend ;
 See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend ;
 Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
 And death unites them in a strict embrace.
 Another here flies trembling o'er the plain ;
 When heav'n pursues we shun the stroke in vain.
 This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
 And 'midst his humble adoration dies.
 As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
 A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart :
 While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
 Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.
 The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear,
 With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,
 And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood ;
 Some with their tresses stoppt the gushing blood,
 They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
 And in the pious action share their fate.
 Now the proud dame o'ercome by trembling fear,
 With her wide robe protects her only care ;
 To save her only care in vain she tries,
 Close at her feet the latest victim dies.

Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows,
Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose,
Fixt in astonishment the weeping flood,
The plain all purple with her children's blood ;
She stiffens with her woes : no more her hair
In easy ringlets wantons in the air ;
Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,
And beat no longer with the sanguine tide ;
All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,
Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted fans display,
And the just fate of lofty pride survey ;
Tho' lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
And in celestial similies adore,
'Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And goddesses confess inferior charms,
Do not, vain maid, the flatt'ring tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
And view'd his image in the crystal flood ;
'The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdu'd,
Echo in vain the flying boy pursu'd,
Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
And with fond look the smiling shade desires :

O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
 Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
 And in a short-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows.

Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
 That beauty's but a transient good at best.
 Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,
 And age like winter robs the blooming fair.
 Oh Araminta, cease thy wonted pride,
 Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;
 Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
 Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies !

Thus on the fan the breathing figures shine,
 And all the pow'rs applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian queen the painted gift receives,
 And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.
 To the low world she bends her steepy way,
 Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day;
 She found him in a melancholy grove,
 His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love,
 The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
 And ev'ry tree bore false Corinna's name;
 In a cool shade he lay with folded arms,
 Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,
 When Venus to his wond'ring eyes appears,
 And with these words relieves his am'rous cares.

Rise, happy youth, this bright machine survey,
Whose ratt'ling flicks my busy fingers sway,
This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

'The fan shall flutter in all female hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands.
For this, shall elephants their ivory shed ;
And polish'd flicks the waving engine spread :
His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
And round the rivet pearly circles shine.
On this shall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy ;
Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
Their dress, their customs, their religion show ;
So shall the British fair their minds improve,
And on the fan to distant climates rove.
Here China's ladies shall their pride display,
And silver figures gild their loose array ;
'This boasts her little feet and winking eyes ;
'That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies :
Here cross-leg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
'There in bright mail distorted heroes shine.
'The peeping fan in modern times shall rise,
'Through which unseen the female ogle flies ;
'This shall in temples the fly maid conceal,
And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.

Gay France shall make the fan her artist's care,
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
 As learned orators that touch the heart,
 With various action raise their soothing art,
 Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,
 And humour each expression of the tongue ;
 So shall each passion by the fan be seen,
 From noisy anger to the fullen spleen.

While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's eyes :
 Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies.
 But Cupid (who delights in am'rous ill,
 Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
 With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
 Which to Leander's panting bosom flew :
 Leander lov'd ; and to the sprightly dame
 In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame ;
 Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,
 And for the fop in equal passion burns.

Lo Strephon comes ! and with a suppliant bow,
 Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she the fate of Niobe beheld,
 Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd ?
 She sighing cry'd : disdain forsook her breast,
 And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.

In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart ;
 She justly blames her own suspicious heart,

Imputes

Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.

When on Camilla's fate her eye she turns,
No more for show and equipage she burns :
She learns Leander's passion to despise,
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows,
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies,
Love then, ye virgins, ere the blossom dies.

Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame,
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

A W I N T E R

A WINTER PIECE;

By Mr. PHILIPS.

Address'd to the DUKE of DORSET.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
 From streams that northern winds forbid to flow;
 What present shall the muse to Dorset bring,
 Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
 The hoary winter here conceals from sight,
 All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
 The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
 The flow'ry plains, and silver streaming floods,
 By snow disguis'd in bright confusion lie,
 And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
 No birds within the desert region sing.
 The ships unmov'd the boist'rous winds defy,
 While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
 The vast leviathan wants room to play,
 And spout his waters in the face of day,
 The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
 And to the moon in icy vallies howl.
 For many a shining league the level main
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:

There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dæfs appear.
E'er yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow.
At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose ;
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes :
For ev'ry shrub, and every blade of grass,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass,
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
'The thick-sprung reeds the wat'ry marshes yield,
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
'The stag in limpid currents with surprize,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
'The spreading oak, the beach, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.
'The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
'That wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies :

The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends.

Or, if a southern gale the region warm,

And by degrees unbind the wint'ry charm,

The traveller a miry country sees,

And journies sad beneath the dropping trees.

Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads

Thro' fragrant bow'rs, and through delicious meads ;

While here enchanted gardens to him rise,

And airy fabricks there attract his eyes,

His wand'ring feet the magick paths pursue ;

And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,

The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,

And woods and wilds, and thorny ways appear :

A tedious road the weary wretch returns,

And as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

Copenhagen, .
March 9, 1709.

On the Friendship betwixt SACHARISSA &
A M O R E T.

By Mr WALLER.

TELL me, lovely loving pair !
Why so kind, and so severe ?
Why so careless of our care,
Only to yourselves so dear ?

By this cunning change of heart,
You the pow'r of love controul ;
While the boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
Still beguiled Love does come :
Where he finds a foreign guest ;
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
When they never mean to pay,
'That they may the law decline,
'To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
Yok'd in Cytherea's car ;
Not the wings that lift so high ;
And convey her son so far ;

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
Or do more ennobled love;
Are so choicely match'd a pair,
Or with more consent do move.

O n a G I R D L E.

By the same.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
To monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

O R I E N T A L E C L O G U E S .

By Mr. COLLINS.

E C L O G U E I .

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
 And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
 Not all are blest, whom fortune's hand sustains
 With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
 Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
 'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd;
 Nor praise, but such as truth bestow'd, desir'd:
 Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
 Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
 Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
 What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
 The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,
 When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away;

By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
Well may they please, the morals of my song :
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around !
The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes :
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair !
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display ;
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light :
Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flattering sex ! your hearts believe in vain
That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain ;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermin beautify the skin :
Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;
Each tender passion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind !

Blest were the days, when Wisdom held her reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
With truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal truth, and daughters blest'd their love.

O haste, fair maids! ye virtues come away,
Sweet peace and plenty lead you on your way!
'The balmy shrub, for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.

Loft to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
To lead the train, sweet Modesty appear:
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
But man the most—not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew;
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
But faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
And Love the last: by these your hearts approve,
'These are the virtues that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay :
Dear to the plains, the virtues came along,
The shepherds lov'd, and Selim blest'd his song.

E C L O G U E. II.

H A S S A N; OR THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

S C E N E, THE DESERT.

T I M E, M I D - D A Y.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past :
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store ;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh ;
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :
“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage ?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share !
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
“ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !”

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore :
Yet money tempts us o’er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea :
And are we only yet repay’d by thee ?
Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betray’d ?

Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song ?
 Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
 The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
 Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 “ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,
 When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
 What if the lion in his rage I meet !—
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
 And fearful ! oft, when day's declining light
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
 By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
 Gaunt wolves and sullen tygers in his train :
 Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 “ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :
 Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
 From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure !

They

They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !”

O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be most undone !
Big swell’d my heart, and own’d the powerful maid,
When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said :

“ Farewel the youth, whom sighs could not detain,

“ Whom Zara’s breaking heart implor’d in vain !

“ Yet as thou go’st, may every blast arise

“ Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !

“ Safe o’er the wild, no perils may’st thou see,

“ No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.”

O let me safely to the fair return,

Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn ;

O ! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,

Recall’d by wisdom’s voice, and Zara’s tears.

He said, and call’d on heaven to bless the day,
When back to Schiraz’ walls he bent his way.

E C L O G U E I I I.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

S C E N E, A F O R E S T.

T I M E, T H E E V E N I N G.

IN Georgia's land, where Teflis' towers are seen,
 In distant view along the level green,
 While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
 And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
 What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
 Or scent the breathing maize at setting day ;
 Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
 Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
 Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain :
 At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
 Where lillies rear them in the watery mead ;
 From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
 Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
 Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
 A various wreath of odorous flowers she made :
 Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
 The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows ;

All-

All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there :
The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chace away ;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among :
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid ;
• She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

The royal lover bore her from the plain ;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain :
Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid ! to other scenes remove,
To richer scenes of golden power and love !
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain ;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove ;
Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd ;

And

And oft as spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
 Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
 With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
 The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
 Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band !
 Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand :
 Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung ;
 With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

And oft the royal lover left the care
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair ;
 Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
 Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd :
 A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

Blest was the life, that royal Abbas led :
 Sweet was his love and innocent his bed.
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel ;
 The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
 Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne,
 Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone ;

Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
 The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
 O happy days ! the maids around her say ;
 O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away !
 " Be every youth, like royal Abbas mov'd,
 " And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !"

E C L O G U E IV.

ABD AND SECANDER ; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
 Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind ;
 At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
 And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains ;
 What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
 And past in radiance thro' the cloudless sky ;
 Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
 Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led :
 Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
 Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
 Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
 'Till faint and weak Secander thus began :

SECAN-

S E C A N D E R.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
 Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
 Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way !
 And first review that long-extended plain,
 And yon wide groves, already past with pain !
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried !
 And last, this lofty mountain's weary side !

A G I B.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe !
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind :
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame ;
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

S E C A N D E R.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord !
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid !

Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind:
 'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

A G T A.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
 Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
 On Turkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:
 I am teenes! but, ah! no more with peace possess,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
 No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,
 Nor the kind product of a bounteous year;
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd!
 But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

S E C A N D A C T.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
 Their eye's blue languish, and their golden hair!

The

Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send ;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

A G I B.

Ye Georgian swains that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war ;
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
 To shield your harvests, and defend your fair :
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way ;
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death iur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said ; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd :
 Th' affrighted shepherds thro' the dews of night,
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

A

L E T T E R f r o m I T A L Y

To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S *Lord* H A L I F A

By M R. A D D I S O N.

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades ad
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease ;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground ;
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
 For rising springs and celebrated floods !
 To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
 And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
 To see the Mincio draw his watry store
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
 And hoary Albula's infected tide
 O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
 Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,
 The king of floods ! that rolling o'er the plains
 The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
 And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
 (Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
 Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
 That destitute of strength derives its course
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source ;
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys ;

So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
 Such was the Boyn, a poor inglorious stream,
 'That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
 And unobserv'd in wild Meanders play'd;
 'Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
 Its rising billows through the world resound,
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the muse ravish'd my breast inspire
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shou'd shine,
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile,
 'That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
 Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments:
 'To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some God, to Bona's gentle seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
 Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blissoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
 When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
 An amphitheatre's amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
 That on its publick shows unpeopled Rome,
 And held uncrowded nations in its womb :
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies :
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
 Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid :
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
 And wond'ring at their height thro' airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires ;
 Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
 In solemn silence, a majestic band,
 Heroes, and Gods, and Roman consuls stand,
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
 And emperors in Parian marble frown ;
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Pain wou'd I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse,

Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
 A new creation rises to my sight,
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost :
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
 And opening palaces invite my muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
 'The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
 While proud oppression in her vallies reigns,
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?
 'The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 'The red'ning orange and the swelling grain :
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh liberty, thou Goddess, heavenly bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight

Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train ;
 Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
 And poverty looks chearful in thy sight ;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, Goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores ;
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil :
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
 Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
 Tho' o'er our heads the frozen pleiads shine :
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
 smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight ;
 A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
 Or teach their animated rocks to live :
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
 And hold in balance each contending state ;

To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
 And answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.
 The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arm :
 Soon as her fleets appear, their terror cease,
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

'Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
 And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite
 By foreign gold, or by domestick spite ;
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
 Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
 The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
 I bidle in my struggling muse with pain,
 That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
 My humble verse demands a softer theme,
 A painted meadow, or a purling stream ;
 Unfit for heroes ; whom immortal lays,
 And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, shou'd praise.

T H E E N D.

